

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW

FOR AUGUST, 1844.

- Art. I. 1. *History of Rome, from the First Punic War to the death of Constantine.* By B. G. Niebuhr—in a series of lectures. Edited by Leonhard Schmitz, Ph. D. 2 vols. (forming 4 and 5 of the entire history). London: Taylor and Walton. 1844.
2. *History of Rome, to the end of the Second Punic War.* By Thomas Arnold, D.D., Head Master of Rugby School, &c., &c. 3 vols. 1838-1843. Fellowes, London.

It is an unexpected surprize and pleasure to the admirers of Niebuhr,—that is, to all earnest students of ancient history,—to recover, as if from the grave, the lectures before us. Until we had actually perused them, we felt a not unnatural incredulity as to the possibility of regaining from the notes of youthful hearers any trustworthy record of a mind so peculiar as Niebuhr's : but we are bound to say, we are agreeably disappointed. Although we have to complain of occasional abruptness, in which the lamented historian makes new and rather paradoxical statements without a clue to his reasons,—although also in a few instances a suspicion may enter that he has been misapprehended,—yet the general tone of the book is pervaded by the fullest internal evidence that we have the true Niebuhr before us. Moreover, while its pages abound with instances of that sagacious divination, or at least that acute perception of the places in which divination is needed, for which Niebuhr is so celebrated ; the wonderful learning upon which all his conjectures are based, and by which the restlessness of caprice is controlled, is perhaps more striking in this work than in the earlier history, from the evidence which continually presses on us, that his researches were limited to no one period ; and that there is nothing that can illustrate his subject

too small or too recondite for his notice,—a coin or a piece of sculpture, a treatise of a Greek rhetorician, or of a Latin father of the church. Considering also that the lectures occupy only two moderate sized volumes, with not a very small type, we are gratified at the great quantity of valuable information which they contain. It may indeed seem surprising that out of this space, so many as twelve introductory lectures could be afforded, (occupying ninety-three pages), on the *sources* of Roman history; a subject on which no man in Europe,—perhaps no man who ever lived since the loss of the sources themselves—could write like Niebuhr; and we feel that a peculiar value attaches to this part of the work. Moreover, in each successive period, the notices given of the literature of the day are much fuller than the ordinary practice of historians might lead us to expect. His judgment of writers is always marked by freshness and personal knowledge, which give a value to his remarks, even when they may not be acquiesced in. His very low esteem of Virgil is not solely a result of taste, but it turns upon an abstract doctrine concerning 'Epic' poetry, which we think he has no business to apply to the *Æneid*. The compression of matter in the history is effected chiefly by his adherence to the self-denying and for us most expedient plan, of narrating at large nothing which can be learned from the great standard writers of antiquity still extant. Whatever can be easily read in Polybius or Livy, Sallust or Tacitus, is rather hinted at than told by him; while all that needs to be gleaned from orations, letters, biographies, scholiasts, besides fragments, inscriptions, and other secondary sources; all that needs to be pieced together before it can be available for a historian, is elaborately brought forward by him; with his own, (generally rather authoritative,) comments on the characters of the authors. Finally, if his learned editor, Dr. Leonhard Schmitz is not too accomplished an English scholar to accept that as a compliment,—the English style is, with extremely few exceptions, fluent and clear.

The unfortunately imperfect work of the lamented Dr. Arnold is strikingly different in its mode of execution from these lectures of his great master. Arnold's volumes, as far as they go, are elaborately finished by the author himself; and, with the exception that we miss his foot-notes in the third volume, he seldom makes an assertion without amply assigning his reasons for it. Wherever his materials are such, that without inventing it is possible to narrate, he never satisfies himself with discussion or allusion, but lays the whole at full before the reader, with only a partial exception of military operations.

The same beautiful spirit is conspicuous in Arnold as in Niebuhr; an intense and unaffected love of truth, a hatred of

injustice and oppression, in whatever party or person it may be found, and a sympathy with those who are despised and trodden under foot. As they have the same excellencies, so we are disposed to ascribe to them some defects in common:—a degree of wilfulness or prejudice towards certain characters, (with which, however, Niebuhr is the more chargeable,) and what we regard as an unsatisfactory mode of alternately quoting destiny and panegyricizing Providence. A recent able writer has complained that Niebuhr is deficient in power of portraying the peculiarity of Roman character in social life; and we admit that in picturesque writing he is greatly surpassed by Arnold. But a warning has already been justly given by another accomplished writer, that modern historians are in danger of losing sight of what is common to human nature, while laboriously depicting what is peculiar; and the volumes before us shew how anxiously Niebuhr studied (with what success we do not now say) to see Romans as *men*; to discover the good and bad side of their moral temperament, and to realize them in society, not as affording a picturesque exterior, but as living members of the human family, enjoying and imparting happiness or sorrow. In this respect also, Arnold appears to us at least his equal; while in the fulness and finish of his portraits, the circumstances of the two works make comparison unfair.

A great debt is due to both writers for the honest warmth with which they hold up to abhorrence the treachery, meanness, and cruelty of the Romans towards all foreigners,—even to those of Italian blood. Equally energetic are they both (although Arnold had barely reached the stage in which the subject could be treated) as to the permanent and unrequited desolation which the Roman conquests inflicted on countries which are among the fairest on earth,—Italy and Sicily,—at the very door of their homes. But this is a lesson which needs to be much more insisted on; and we cannot help thinking, that if Arnold had given it due weight, he would have modified some of the complacency with which he views the victories of that ferocious people. We cannot digest what we have called his panegyrics on Providence in this matter; for we see nothing but an empty compliment towards the divine predestination, in asserting that what has been is best, if the mind takes this for granted, *à priori*, without examining the facts. But if piety need not scruple to inquire freely, whether it would have been better for Carthage or for Rome to have conquered in the first or second Punic war, we must profess ourselves quite unconvinced by such arguments as Arnold adduces, that this would not have been far better for the welfare of the human race. It is useless to put forward the faults or

sins of Carthage. Even if our judgment, based so largely on ignorance and calumny, were far more trustworthy than it is, we have not here to choose between a universal Roman, or a universal Carthaginian empire. Carthage, as a commercial state, chiefly coveted all maritime positions, and carried on war much more by necessity than by choice. Her citizens were unwarlike; her troops mercenaries; her generals, seldom possessed of common ability: and, if Hannibal had prevailed in the struggle against Rome, this could never have made his nation master of Italy; no, nor of Greece. It would merely have cast down that ambitious power which in the end swallowed all up. It would have probably brought about what was the great desideratum of the ancient world,—the co-existence of many states in a similar stage of civilization, each forced to tolerate the existence of the rest. It is with nations, as with the several classes of the same nation. Every one, as soon as it becomes conscious of power, tries to devour all the others; if it succeeds, it before long dies, itself, of internal decay. But if all fail in the attempt, they at length become convinced that they must make the best of what they cannot help, *i. e.*, each must acquiesce in the independence of the others; and from this moment a sense of reciprocal right establishes itself, and moral relations begin to grow up. *Before* that moment, their mutual position was like that of wild beasts. Now in ancient history, nowhere, except partially in Greece, did any such international relations exist: and as for the Romans, from the instant that their victory over Carthage was certain, they displayed every evil and hateful principle with a rapidly increasing intensity; so that Niebuhr does not scruple to say, that their state loses its interest from the very crisis when it swallows up all ancient history. The occasions are not very numerous, at which the reader can, without absurdity, hope and wish some check to have been given to the remorseless tyranny under which the Western World was so long to groan. *If*, originally, the brave Samnites had maintained their liberties; *if*, Carthage had withstood the war; *if*, the kings of Macedon had, in the century which followed the final settlement of Alexander's dominions, succeeded in organizing all Greece into a united nationality; *if* the Italian allies had prevailed in the hard-fought and critical war against Sulla; nay, *if* Sulla himself had known how to use his victory in the social and civil wars for the permanent welfare of the Roman people; possibly even then, deeply as the evil had penetrated, Italy and Europe might have been saved the sufferings of a thousand years. If the allies had conquered in the social war, the event would have been to Rome, what the independence of her American colonies is to England. Two martial and civilized

states would have stood, where there was one before; and, ere long, neither would have dared to question the right of the other to exist. The misery of a universal monarchy would have become an impossibility, and under the rivalry of two great powers, similar in arts and language, less civilized nations would have had a chance of growing up in independence, and gradually attaining their higher knowledge and arts. So too, if Sulla had seen, (what any fresh eye cannot help seeing) that the same causes, unchecked, which made him supreme master of the Roman state, would infallibly make some one else its master after him; if in short, he had seen, that it is impossible for a small state to maintain armies that shall conquer the world, and not become enslaved to those armies, and their generals: he might, in the fulness of his power, have carried out great and cutting reforms, in the provinces as well as in Italy, enormously beyond anything that the Gracchi had attempted; which should have given to Rome an immensely increased breadth of basis, and might have postponed the evil day, until new powers grew up to avert it for ever.

In any such speculations, we do not for a moment impeach the wisdom and goodness which has ordered things otherwise. We are most deeply convinced that all evil is to work out good; but we entirely deprecate the attempt to say that evil is *not* therefore evil: and we regard the conquests of Rome as the worst evil which at that time was capable of befalling Europe. But not so in the retrospect. It is in the nature of good to be incorruptible—hence, whatever elements of good the Romans introduced, remain to us—and as for the suffering, the violence, the sorrow, the treachery, it is passed for ever, and survives only in record, for our warning and instruction. We do not, therefore, with Arnold, see the wisdom of God in the fall of Carthage; but we are satisfied to rejoice in the belief, that both then and always, even though the right cause should fail, in the end the bitter shall yield strengthening food; and when we bow with wonder and sorrow over a calamitous event,—as over the suppression of the reformation by brute force in Spain, Italy, and Southern Germany,—we can believe that what is, is good, without thinking that nothing conceivable could have been better.

Considering how many writers follow each other in the same strain of admiration, as though the Roman conquest of the western world was a most beneficent arrangement of Providence, we are tempted here to enlarge on that subject. And first let us guard ourselves from being supposed to alledge that *all* conquest is necessarily as injurious, as it is morally for the most part indefensible. We distinguish two cases of large extent, in which the conqueror is often the unconscious agent of good, in the

hand of divine wisdom ; *first*, when he brings about the incorporation of homogeneous tribes into a single nation, in which all mutual enmity is soon forgotten, and something at least of national liberty is generally achieved, far better than the unending wars of savage life. Yet even here, if the national unity which is effected by the sword, is not cemented by moral principles and by the establishment of many co-ordinate powers, the benefit of the conquest is lost.—*Next*, when a whole people is sunk in degenerate civilization, and has lost all power of elevating itself from within, its conquest by ruder and free tribes may be a process, however full of suffering, yet necessary for its purification. Such was the conquest of the Roman empire by the nations of the North, and we may add, of Canaan by the Hebrews. But we cannot bring the Roman conquests under either of these classes. The nations whom they trampled under foot were in part homogeneous with them, namely, the Italians, and the Sicilian tribes of Sicily : yet so far were the Romans from fusing all into a single nation, that they half extirpated the population of these two countries—turned vast tracts into permanent solitudes—kept up rigid lines of distinction—not merely between freeman and slave, but between Roman and Latin, Latin and Italian ; dealing out the right, even of Latin citizenship, with parsimonious hand, and founding Roman colonies (with the *name* of Latins) over Italy, as a miserable substitute for the population which they had exterminated. Neither the aristocracy nor the populace of Rome ever endured the idea of making all Italy an undivided nation : they meant to establish an unjust and absurd dominion of one city ; and, as the Caledonian orator complained of them in the remote north, ‘ they made a wilderness and called it peace.’ Viewed even internally, their constitution was, from the second Punic war onward, an overbearing oligarchy under democratic forms. Niebuhr has usefully called attention to the shows offered by the *Ædiles* at vast expense, as being nothing but a mode of *selling* all the high offices to the rich ;—under the pretence of popularity, an ingenious device for shutting out all men of moderate fortune from any fair chance of promotion. Much less had the provincials of more foreign blood any cause to rejoice in their subjugation to the insulting, avaricious, and cruel Roman. It is not uninteresting to observe, that the absence of any custom of primogeniture increased the sufferings of the subjects ; for as the estate of the highest nobility underwent large curtailment in division between several children, none were too high to be above the temptation of enriching themselves by plunging the state into war, and plundering the neighbouring nations under any pretext. Whatever may be pre-

tended concerning the benefits of the civilization which she is said to have imparted to half barbarous Europe, the broad facts prove that Rome was incapable of doing any thing in the long run but ruin her own provinces. Before she established her dominion, Spain and Gaul were advancing, gradually and surely, by the safe and natural process which has elevated modern Europe, towards a superior civilization. The Germans, it is true, would have conquered Gaul at a much earlier period, but for the interference of Rome; this, however, would not have been an event to be regretted, for an immediate fusion of the races would have taken place; and in fact to this day a controversy exists, whether the Belgians were Gaulish or German, so hard was it to fix the limits. The Germans would have infused new blood into Gaul, which had been weakened by the serfdom of its people under the priesthood and the knightly order, and in fact would have given to the mass an increased hope of freedom. But unless Rome had extirpated the brave freemen of Italy, and exceedingly crippled those of the rest of her provinces, it is not probable that the Germans would have been able to destroy the civilization of the south. In free confederation, the Italians would have had little to fear from the nations of the north, especially as the Gauls of Italy would have grown up into a settled and civilized people before those great inroads took place: and with Carthaginians, Greeks, Spaniards, and Italians, not to add Gallo-Germans, co-existing as political powers—(a necessary result, we think, had Carthage been victorious in either Punic war)—the political system of modern Europe would have been forestalled by nearly two thousand years, with the best guarantees for the permanence of its good fruit. Add to this the Roman wars and conquests gave the most hideous extension to slave-cultivation and the slave-trade; insomuch that instead of nations of freemen, the cultivators of the soil in Italy and Sicily became, to a prodigious extent, slaves. In short, to undo all the evils which Rome had organized in Europe, the invasion from the north and the passage through the dark ages became unhappily indispensable.

There cannot be a greater delusion than that of forcibly usurping power, whether over our own or over foreign nations, *with a view to do good*. In fact, it is scarcely possible to point to the good which usurpers have ever been able to do, however great their desire, and however eminent their talents: as Cromwell in England, or Cæsar in Rome. And the reason is plain. A usurper meets with a resistance so disproportionate to that which ordinary authorities incur, and is exposed to so much personal danger, that he cannot allow to his subjects their former freedom; consequently, he cannot secure for them the permanence

of his best regulations. We need hardly add, that the example of successful usurpation is a great evil, which multiplies itself with prodigious increase on each successive repetition; but even in countries where despotic sway has become established, as in the later Roman empire, it is instructive to see how hopeless is improvement, or even stability of strength, under the very ablest rulers. Augustus, Tiberius, Vespasian, Trajan, Hadrian, the Antonines, Sulpicius Severus, Diocletian, Constantine, were all men of great, or at least good abilities, and excellent intention; and several of these have earned the title, Restorer of the Empire; which Niebuhr justly gives to Vespasian, as well as to Trajan and Diocletian. Yet not one of them made even the *attempt* to secure his best institutions from being overturned by the caprice of his successor; not one of them could infuse the least vitality into any of his ordinances. This in fact is no new discovery: the dictator Cæsar knew it as well as we: it is as manifest in the career of Alexander, as in that of Cyrus. But if neither Cæsar nor Octavian could give to the empire what they certainly had not taken away—liberty (for, in a Roman mouth, that word meant, the license of Romans to trample down all the world beside;) much less can we look with complacency on the enslavement of free barbarians to the Roman yoke; men who, if in the infancy of civilization, were often extremely superior to their conquerors in honour, in generosity, in forbearance, in true dignity, and at least their equals in bravery.

We are apt to be so dazzled by the false glory of a conquering nation, as little to realize, if we have even read, what a compound of deliberate cruelty and treachery the Roman state was. Both Arnold and Niebuhr, we have already said, honestly exhibit the facts. With a meanness incapable of admiring a brave enemy, when a nation had been forced to sue for peace, the Romans were accustomed to demand that they would give up their ablest generals to be beheaded. Thus was it that they demanded of the Samnites the noble Brutulus Papius, who slew himself,—as Ovius and Novius Calavius in Capua, and afterwards Vibius Virrius and his coadjutors in the war of Hannibal,—rather than fall into the hands of the merciless foe.

The story of the brave Caius Pontius of Telesia is well known. He had intercepted two consular armies in the defile of Caudium, and released them all, on condition of their agreeing barely to restore to the Samnites their own towns and their own territory: yet when the armies were safely recovered, the senate disallowed the treaty, but kept all the advantages of it. It is true, they delivered up to the Samnites the officers who had taken the oath; but Pontius nobly refused to harm them, saying that the Romans must give back the armies too, if they did not like the

terms. Yet, atrocious to tell, thirty years after, the Romans having captured him, after dragging him through their streets in triumph, put him to death in cold blood. As Arnold observes, vol. ii.—p. 365.

‘Such a murder, committed or sanctioned by such a man as Quintus Fabius, is peculiarly a *national* crime; and proves but too clearly, that, in their dealings with foreigners, the Romans had neither magnanimity, nor humanity, nor justice.’

If the senate and higher orders of Capua were butchered by the executioner for no other offence than that, like Rome, that city preferred to be free rather than enslaved;—it may be pleaded that the Romans were infuriated by the severe danger from Hannibal, which they had recently escaped. But the deep and irrefutable condemnation of this savage people, is found in the conduct of their more exemplary and admired generals; such as the great Marcellus, the greater Scipio, the accomplished Flaminius, the much admired Æmilius Paullus, and his equally exemplary son the younger Africanus. We must dwell awhile on these great characters.

The city of Syracuse had been the most valued ally of Rome, through the first Punic war; indeed for nearly fifty years had yielded free assistance to her, often in times of deepest distress, and had never incurred blame. But on the death of the aged king Hiero, his boyish grandson was persuaded to join the Carthaginians; and the factions of the court and of a few magistrates carried affairs alternately towards the one or the other scale. The desperate atrocities of those who favoured the Roman alliance so disgusted the Syracusans, that after several revolutions, the Carthaginian party prevailed. A nominal hostility to Rome followed, but no active war had commenced, when the Roman forces marched down on Syracuse. A lengthened siege took place; and when at last two quarters of the city capitulated, Marcellus would not guarantee to the inhabitants more than their personal safety, but claimed every article of property as plunder for the army. Whether their lives were really held sacred, says Arnold, ‘can only be conjectured;’ but as soon as the last remaining quarter had surrendered, and the public treasure had been secured, Marcellus sent in his soldiers to slay or plunder as they pleased; besides the horrors of judicial execution, for rebellion against the majesty of Rome.

‘Old as Archimedes was, the Roman soldier’s sword dealt kindly with him, in cutting short his scanty term of remaining life, and saving him from beholding the misery of his country. It was a wretched sight to see the condition of Syracuse, when the sack was over, and what was called a state of peace and safety had returned. Every house was laid bare, every temple stript; and the empty pedestals showed how sweeping

the spoiler's work had been. . . . Those fathers and mothers who were so happy as to gather all their children safe around them when the plunder was over, had escaped the sword indeed ; and they and their sons and daughters were *not yet* sold as slaves : *but their only choice was still between slavery or death.* They had lost everything. What food was still remaining in the besieged city, the sack had either carried off or destroyed ; and if food had been at hand, they had no money to buy it. And this came upon them after a heavy visitation of sickness. . . . Many therefore *sold themselves* to the Roman soldiers, to escape dying by hunger ; and the family circle, which the sack of the city had spared, was again broken up for ever. . . . Syracuse was now become subject to barbarians, whom she had helped in their utmost need, and who were repaying the unshaken friendship of Hiero with the plunder of his city and the subjugation of his people.'—Arnold, vol. iii., p. 309.

Such was the conduct of Rome to a city from which they had never received any thing but benefits ; yet notorious as were the events, Marcellus was really believed by the Romans to have behaved with peculiar humanity ; and both historians and orators, including Cicero, delight to extol his magnanimity and refinement.

New Carthage—the modern Cartagena—had been founded by the Carthaginians on the coast of Spain, and was supposed to be beyond fear of danger. On this important town the young Publius Scipio made a most unexpected attack, and having stormed it,

'The soldiers, according to the Roman practice, commenced a deliberate massacre of every living creature they could find, whether man or beast, till, after the citadel had surrendered, a signal from their general called them off from slaughter, and turned them loose upon the houses of the town to plunder.'—Arnold, vol. iii., p. 403.

The violence and cruelty of Scipio and his tool Lælius towards Massinissa, in the matter of the unfortunate Sophonisba, was richly merited by the crafty and wicked Numidian ; but towards Sophonisba herself, the heartlessness of Scipio is afflicting. Her sole guilt consisted in being a beautiful Carthaginian, lately the queen of Syphax, and espoused by Massinissa on the very day of her capture, while her royal husband was still in chains : Lælius attempted to drag her by violence out of the bridal bed ; and the next day she was poisoned, because Scipio did not trust her.

Titus Flamininus was a man of very mild temperament ; yet under the following atrocious case he did not scruple to defend his brother Lucius, and to persecute the elder Cato, because as censor he had removed him from the senate. While Lucius was at supper, a despicable favourite of his complained, that he had never seen a man killed, although he had often desired the gratification. Just then a Gaulish deserter came with his wife

and children to the door, desiring protection. Lucius ordered the man to come into the parlour, and there slaughtered him with his own hand in order to show the favourite how a murdered man looked. Yet the republic was not yet in its corrupt state! Hannibal was still alive.—Soon after, Flaminius being by accident ambassador at the court of Prusias, king of Bithynia, Hannibal betook himself thither as a fugitive; and Flaminius, without any orders from Rome, for which there had been no time, insisted on Prusias's giving up Hannibal to be put to death, under the penalty of war from the Romans. Hannibal, it is well known, preferred, like Brutulus Papius, to perish by his own hand. The same Flaminius, after proclaiming the independence of Greece, artfully formed a Roman faction in every town; and when these traitors to their country had murdered the chief of the patriotic party, he protected the murderers from justice. Niebuhr laments this sad stain on his character, (p. 245), yet (p. 238) he speaks of Flaminius as 'a general who bore in his heart a love of the Greeks,' and declares that no other Roman would have acted so mildly as he.

The conduct of Æmilius Paullus towards the Epirots, after the war against Perseus was ended, in which they had committed no other offence than that of holding to a Macedonian sovereign, and that, with no remarkable tenacity; we will relate in the words of Livy:—

'He sent forward centurions to the separate cities, who at his order gave out that they were come to place garrisons in them, *thereby to secure that the Epirots, like the Macedonians, might be free*; and summoned to Æmilius ten chief men from every city. When they came, he ordered them to have all the gold and silver brought forth, and sent bands of Romans into the several towns. Of these, those who had to proceed to the more distant places set out on an earlier day, so as to arrive all of them on the same day. Orders had been given to the tribunes and centurions how to act. Early in the morning all the gold and silver was collected: at the fourth hour the sign was given to the soldiers to plunder the cities; and so great was the booty, that every horseman received as his portion 400 denarii, every foot soldier 200, while 150,000 human beings were led off as slaves. The walls of the plundered cities were then pulled down: *they consisted of about seventy towns*. The whole booty was sold, and from the proceeds the soldiers were paid. Paullus then went down to the sea at Oricum, having by no means satiated his soldiers as he had hoped, &c.'—xlv. 34.

Well* may Niebuhr say, (vol. i. p. 281,) 'After such a cruelty, I cannot see why many persons call Æmilius Paullus a mild and humane man:' yet certain it is, that the Romans saw no

* Thirlwall, in the last volume of his *Greece*, published since the above was written, throws the guilt of Æmilius on the senate, and calls it 'a melancholy example of *military servitude*.'

cruelty in it, and that with Livy and Cicero, he is an exemplary character.

‘It was by the same kind of policy,’ continues Niebuhr, ‘that ten commissioners were sent to settle the affairs of Macedonia and others to Achaia, who compelled the Achæans to pass a decree, that all those who had been the supporters of Perseus should be put to death. The Achæans gave a very appropriate answer, requesting the Romans to name the offenders, that they might be tried. But the Roman Commissioners refused to condescend to this, and *insisted on a decree being passed, pronouncing death upon the Macedonian party in general*, before they would bring forward a list of them. When the Romans were pressed further, they declared all those who had been captains-general to be guilty. One man, Xenon, who had been captain-general himself, now rose, and declared that he was so convinced of his own innocence, that he would willingly submit his case, not only to a court of his own countrymen, but to the Romans themselves. This offer came opportunely for the Romans, and they immediately made out *a list of more than a thousand persons* who were to quit their country and go to Italy. On their arrival at Rome, however, *they were not placed before a court of justice*, but were distributed as hostages in the towns of Etruria. Seventeen years after this, not more than three hundred of them were surviving: some of them, who had attempted to escape, had been convicted and put to death.’

And this was towards a people whom the Romans, as if in bitter mockery, had a little while before proclaimed free, when it was their policy to separate them from the interests of Macedonia.

The destruction of the Numantines is a tragedy, not more horrible than twenty others, to be easily culled from the Roman annals, but more distressing through the noble character of the people. This also we shall tell in the words of Niebuhr, or with slight abridgment.

‘During its first years, the war against Numantia was carried on by the Romans without success. The consul Quintus Pompeius was unfortunate in his undertakings, and the Numantines even conquered his camp. His position was so desperate, that he thought it advisable to offer peace. The Numantines, *who wished for nothing else*, accepted the offer; and in order that the peace might obtain the sanction of the Roman senate, they were obliged nominally to submit to Rome, to pay a certain sum of money, to promise to serve in the Roman armies as auxiliaries, and to give hostages, who however were to be sent back afterwards. But this reasonable peace did not satisfy the Romans, and it was not observed by M. Popillius Lænas, Pompeius’s successor. The Numantines then sent ambassadors to Rome, appealing to the treaty of Pompeius; but the senate annulled it, and war was renewed. The consul, (C. Hostilius Mancinus,) in the year after, was, with his army, cut off by the enemy, and left entirely in their mercy. But the Numantines had now lost their confidence; and they were not satisfied either with

the promise, or with the oath of Mancinus, until Tiberius Gracchus, who was in the Roman camp as quæstor, and in whom alone the Numantines put trust, had pledged his own honour also. The army was then dismissed in safety, but the Senate once more rejected the peace, and decreed that Mancinus should be delivered up to the enemy in order to annul the treaty. The Numantines, however, refused to accept him, and sent him back, that the curse of the perjury might fall on the Romans. After this, the war lingered for a few years, until Scipio Africanus (the younger) was made consul. He at length, with 60,000 men, succeeded in blockading the town. All attempts of the Numantines to break through the Roman fortifications failed. On one occasion, however, some men succeeded; and forced their way to the town of Lutia, where their courage met with so much admiration that several hundred young men offered their assistance. Scipio pursued the fugitives to Lutia, and *cut off the hands of about four hundred youths, who were brought before him as friends to the cause of the Numantines.* After the Numantines in the city had been for some time living upon the corpses of their enemies and of their own friends, they at length wished to capitulate; but Scipio demanded that they should surrender at discretion. The Numantines then begged for a truce of three days to consider the proposal. This time they employed, especially the persons of the higher classes, in destroying their wives and children, that they might not fall into the hands of the Romans: on the third day only a small number came forth, their features scarcely human. Scipio selected fifty for his triumph, and the rest were sold as slaves. Numantia vanished from the face of the earth, and was never rebuilt by the Romans.'—Vol. i. p. 312.

Niebuhr is right in protesting that these Spaniards were not barbarians. In material civilization and in experience of war, they were inferior to the Romans; but in every moral quality they appear to have been superior, and from the information which Strabo furnishes, concerning the Turdetani, as well as from coins and inscriptions, it is reasonably inferred that they had a literature of their own. It is, however, a shocking fact, that the philosophic historians of Rome appear unable to think any deeds against foreigners atrocious, which are for the moment expedient to their country. We should not appeal to the conduct of C. Marius to the people of Capsa in Numidia, (considering the character of the man,) but for the comments of Sallust. Capsa was a town, separated from the Roman province of Africa by so wide a desert, that the Romans heard of its name for the first time when Marius was consul. So far off was it, that Jugurtha treated it almost as an independent city, and it had given him little or no help in the war. Marius with extreme danger crossed the desert and surprized the place. Since he had intercepted great numbers of the citizens in the fields, those within the town were induced to surrender, in order to recover their friends. But Marius immediately slew all the adult males, sold the women and children as slaves, plundered the town, and then burned it in a heap. 'This deed,' says the philosophic

and calm Sallust, 'was certainly a violation of the laws of war, yet *it was not perpetrated from any avarice or crime of the consul*; but *because* the place was accessible to Jugurtha and difficult of access to us, and the inhabitants were previously fickle and faithless, and such as we could not control either by kindness or by terror.' The invectives of the Romans against *Punic faith* have seduced many persons into a belief that the Romans themselves, however violent, were honourable and true to their solemn engagements; but their own narratives prove the very opposite; while it is difficult to alledge a single clear case in which the faith of Carthage towards them was stained. The remark will hold equally of individuals and of the state. The intrigues of the great Scipio with the perfidious Massinissa, through whom principally he broke the power of Carthage, are as despicable a tissue of treachery as any Libyan chief or Indian rajah ever wove; and his subsequent horrible destruction by fire of the armies of Syphax and the Carthaginians,—thirty thousand men,—was managed by the hollow pretence of a negotiation, in which he disguised his soldiers as slaves, to act as spies, and acquaint themselves with all the localities of the camps. The terms which he imposed upon Carthage at the end of the war, were expressly devised with a view to insure that the encroachments of Massinissa on the Carthaginians should afterwards give the Romans a pretext of war, if Carthage dared to defend herself. Some ten years later, when the case occurred, the unhappy Carthaginians sought to avoid the snare by an embassy to Rome, entreating that Scipio might arbitrate between them and Massinissa. He was sent out, with two other commissioners, to decide how far the territory of Carthage reached; which (Livy observes) he could have easily determined if he had pleased; but with a truly satanic spirit, he returned without giving any judgment; since, says the author, it was clearly expedient to leave the quarrel undecided.

The noble Metellus Numidicus employed against Jugurtha all his own arts of treachery, and used every sort of bribery to induce the king's own intimate friends to assassinate him; yet it cast not a shade of ignominy on his reputation in Rome. Nor indeed in cruelty of punishments do the Romans seem to have fallen short of the Libyan nations. They did not indeed kill by crucifixion any but slaves; they ordinarily only scourged their noblest enemies before beheading them. Yet they had no conscience against greater cruelty. Philip, the son of Perseus, an unoffending youth, against whom they had no pretext whatever, was carried by them into Italy, and there killed by perpetually disturbing him in his sleep. Jugurtha was starved to death by them in a cold dungeon. In the war of Spartacus, the prætor Crassus impaled the bodies of his captives

all along the high road from Capua to Rome. Even in decency of behaviour towards the dead, the Romans were inferior to their great rivals. Hamilcar, when in Sicily, tried, but it seems in vain, to teach them a more chivalrous spirit, by the courtesy with which he returned the bodies of the slain. Hannibal carefully sought out, and buried with honour, the bodies of the noblest Romans; but when his brother Hasdrubal had been slain, the Romans cut off his head and carried it half the length of Italy, for the sake of flinging it over the lines into Hannibal's camp. And such stories they tell in the height of their civilization and philosophy, two centuries later, when all the excitement of the contest is past, and when the territory of Carthage has long been absorbed into the empire,—without a single emotion of shame.

The succession of horrors will, we fear, be too much for the reader; yet it is salutary to contrast with them the happier scenes in which we live; and some acquaintance with the atrocities of ancient times is important for enabling us to appreciate our own advantages. With the evidence offered by the history of the crusade against the Albigenses, and the later wars against Protestantism, to say nothing of modern France and Spain, we fear that the Christian religion can be no guarantee to Europe, against the most savage enormities. Our only human guarantee, we believe, against the permanence of such things, is found in the multiplication of civilized nations, of which each keeps the other within certain restraints; quite insufficient, we grieve to say, yet of great and increasing importance. Niebuhr's lectures are well suited to impress on the mind, the self-ruining character of all despotism; but his limits keep him from expatiating, as much as his inclination and ability would have led, on the similarities and the contrasts of older and of more recent history. His biographical sketches we greatly value, although we cannot *always* convince ourselves of their fidelity. His character of Africanus the elder, as here set forth, is different from, and we are persuaded more correct, than that, which Archdeacon Hare, in his preface to Arnold's third volume, anticipated. Niebuhr, while allowing Scipio's superiority to his countrymen,—except, perhaps to Cato, who was younger than he,—regards him as a mere soldier.

'Hannibal's greatness,' says he, 'was no less striking in times of peace, than of war: [but in peace] Scipio was a useless citizen; nay, the dangerous example which he set in despising his lawful accusers may have led the Romans to despise the laws of their country. He showed his haughty pride from the moment he began to take part in public affairs, until he became a candidate for the consularship [against the *lex annalis*] . . . This feature in his character is visible throughout his life;

he wanted to set himself above the laws, and submission to their sovereign power was quite foreign to him. We do not hear that he was the author of any institution or law to benefit his country, although he might have bestowed great blessings upon it by his influence ;—and Rome was surely in need of blessings.'—(p. 160.)

Scipio's pretended divine communications are regarded by Niebuhr, as having been, like those of Mahommed and Cromwell, the fruit, partly of enthusiasm, and partly of hypocrisy: but, adds he, God only knows the truth in these cases.

We wish we could quote in contrast the noble eulogy on Hannibal, which is conceived in words of even higher admiration and esteem, than pervades the pages of Arnold: we do not ourselves think, that it is *too* high; and great as is our general hatred of war, we are disposed to think no more righteous or sacred vow of enmity was ever taken than that of Hannibal, against a nation, which, as he and his father discerned, was like a fierce beast, incapable of being bound by oaths and treaties; and, which left nothing for others to choose, than to annihilate or be annihilated.

The great men who act a part in the period of the civil wars, from the Gracchi downward to Marius and Sulla, Crassus, Lucullus, Pompey, Cicero, Cato, Cæsar, Brutus, Antony, Octavian, of course, attract a large share of Niebuhr's attention. We rejoice in his vindication of the often misunderstood or calumniated Gracchi. He confesses his strong dislike to Pompey, in words which almost betray a consciousness, that he cannot justify the strength of his aversion: and, we think that he wrongs him. The difference between Pompey and his great rival Cæsar, was immense; but, if general intellectual superiority lies with the latter, moral excellence, we are persuaded, was with the former. Pompey was a child of fortune from his youth; and stepped so early into authority more than regal, that he had many indeed of the frailties, but very many also of the virtues of a hereditary sovereign. Accustomed to be a central object of admiration, he imbibed the habitual selfishness of monarchs, and a jealousy of all who divided popular applause with him. Yet he wished that applause to be given him freely; and had no desire to grasp power by the sword. His wars were never made by him for his own aggrandizement; nor continued without occasion. Again and again he disbanded his armies with prompt punctuality, beyond all expectation; and indeed the more extravagant the authority granted him, the more zealous was he to use it strictly for its right object, and to give it up as speedily as possible. Such at least was his conduct, until Lucullus persuaded the senate to refuse to ratify his acts, and until Cæsar coalesced with him, and certainly taught him many bad lessons. Pompey did not possess the judgment of a statesman, and all his

laws were failures ; but his wise humanity towards the unhappy and dangerous Cilician pirates, is immeasurably beyond anything that Cæsar, or any other Roman that we remember, devised in like case ; and it was rewarded by complete success. That Niebuhr should go so far as to question whether Pompey was an able general, is curious indeed. To us it appears, that Cæsar's own history unwillingly proves, that, in the whole war of Dyrrachium, Pompey's generalship was superior to his. If he was at last defeated, it was owing to circumstances clearly detailed by Cæsar : chiefly, first, the great inferiority of his raw or Asiatic levies to the veterans of Cæsar ; next, the interference of the stupid aristocracy who encumbered his camp. But, on every point, Niebuhr chooses to interpret Pompey's character for the worse. On the other hand, we equally marvel at his overwrought admiration of Cæsar and of Cicero. Not that we like to name the two men together. For Cicero we have a regard and esteem, which we feel towards few of the Romans : but, when Niebuhr would make out that he was not intoxicated with self-admiration,—in short, fairly upset by his exploits against Catiline,—and far too vain to be a great man,—we think he is labouring to no purpose. If Cicero could have forgotten *self*, he would have been the greatest, as he was among the best, of the Romans ; but the figure of self, constantly reflected on his mind, often perverted his judgment, and made him vacillating and weak. As for Cæsar, we cannot tell what right any one has to panegyryze him as a feeling and humane man. When prætor in Spain, he attacked peaceful cities in his own government, and plundered them for personal gain. His shocking cruelties in Gaul are reluctantly bewailed by Niebuhr. But suppose all this forgotten, since he was a Roman ;—and yet we *cannot* forget it, for like Alexander, he knew no difference of race between men, as soon as they became his subjects—what avails it to say, that Cæsar did not shed Roman blood in time of peace, when he deliberately entered a civil war for no other object than to overthrow the liberties of his fellow Romans ? He was prepared to massacre on the field of battle the first senators of Rome, when their sole offence against him was, that they did not like to have their lives and fortunes at his absolute disposal. This is what he and they alike knew that he was aiming at ; yet Niebuhr treats it as highly unreasonable, that they should demand of him what the constitution demanded of every one,—to lay down his armies before becoming a candidate for the consulship ! Niebuhr says he was no intriguer : yet he allows that he bought over the tribune Curio, with Gaulish gold, to betray the public liberties ; nor do we know what else, but a tissue of intrigues, to call his whole civil conduct for twelve years

together; until, in short, he was prepared to declare war on his country. He boasts of his power of attaching friends—but he forgets that he made friends of the vilest—like Curio and Anthony, Vatinius, Calenus, and Gabinius, whenever it suited his purposes, and put them into places of power, where he knew that they would commit gross oppression. Nay, we must deny that Cæsar wished to have a true friend—a virtuous and independent friend. He wished for friends who should be his creatures—loaded with his bounty, and submissive to his will: and his mistake consisted in fancying that high-born Romans were ripe for being thus bought into slavery. His virulence towards Cato, against whom, when dead, he wrote the malignant and slanderous work called *Anti-Catones*, shows how little he could endure real truth and goodness: for Cato was no enemy to Cæsar's person, but was a warm-hearted conscientious man, who would have rejoiced to honour Cæsar, if he had asked what could be given honourably. Equally discreditable to Cæsar, are the personal insults which he lavished, when prætor, on the moderate and virtuous Quintus Catulus, chief of the senate; whose greatest offence consisted in having competed with him for the office of chief pontiff. In fact, the countless adulteries of Cæsar, and other impurities, stamp him—whatever may be said to the contrary—as a thoroughly heartless man, while the divorce of his own wife, barely on suspicion, (as he publicly pretended), and his continued good understanding with Publius Clodius, her presumed paramour, are an aggravation of his conduct. How infinite is here the superiority of Pompey! Cæsar was of the true Sullan and Catilinarian breed.—Moreover, the bloody wars of Cæsar were essentially personal. He did not attack Gaul, to make Rome great, but to get for himself plunder and an attached veteran army. For this end he destroyed by the sword and by starvation some two millions of persons; and then unhesitatingly abandoned the province,—to revolt, if it pleased, behind his back,—while he led his legions far away to waste their blood in civil war: and this is the hero, whose humanity it pleases historians to extol. Niebuhr also swells the general chorus of praise upon Cæsar's Latin style: and in truth it is dangerous to question this, lest the writer's own scholarship be doubted. Nevertheless we do not scruple to assert that the Gallic war and the civil war are written in an obscure *slipshod* Latin, in which perpetually the sense cannot be determined by the grammar, and needs to be picked out laboriously by other sources of knowledge. Of course it is an idiomatic Latin: no Roman patrician could easily help speaking his native dialect; that at least is no merit to anyone. Having said thus much to qualify the praises of Cæsar, we fully admit his wonderful sagacity, and the excellence

of his laws. He was trained in the school of adversity : (this was his great advantage over Pompey ;) and there learned a free cordiality of manner, a *bonhomie*, towards his comrades such as Labienus, which he ever retained. Niebuhr also justly praises both him and Cicero for being above the feeling of *envy* : this is a great virtue in them both, and if it be ascribed to conscious superiority, perhaps that is no disparagement of it. Till his thirty-seventh year Caesar gathered up experience, and saw the working of the state machine from beneath ; and if he could have been elected dictator at that age, he would no doubt have been a very wise legislator. But no laws, founded upon usurpation, could be of use ; and his own experience proved it : he was slaughtered, as it were, on the steps of the throne. His friends, like himself, had been willing to shed Roman blood without limit, as long as they thought they were to share the fruits of victory with him ; but from the moment when they understood that he was to be free, at his pleasure, to crush even them also, they conspired and slew him. We do not understand the complaint of ingratitude against Trebonius and Decimus Brutus. Stupid they may be called, in not having seen that they were warring to make a despot of him : this, however, they did not see. With them it was a fair bargain of common guilt and common spoil ; and when they found out that he meant to be their sovereign, they resented this as a breach of compact. Marcus Brutus indeed was in great measure a fanatic, an unpractical bookworm, an ape of Greek patriotism, and to him these remarks have no application whatever. As Goethe and Niebuhr rightly declare, the murder of Cæsar was a calamitous event for Rome : yet had he lived out a reign of beneficence, the fortune of Rome and of the world could not have been the happier. In fact his wild project of subduing Parthia and Southern Russia, makes it probable that he would have lived merely to curse those countries, as he had cursed Gaul, by his ambition, with no possible good result to the empire or to Rome.

Our space will not permit us to remark the wilfulness with which Niebuhr acquits the profligate and needy Cæsar of having any part in Catiline's project, 'because he was too humane ;' and greedily believes that the wealthy and cautious M. Crassus was in the plot. We acquit both of them ; Cæsar, because he was too shrewd to commit himself to so desperate a scheme, in which he would have acted only a subordinate part. Not to follow characters, (and in fact we have said the worst we have to say,) we complain of the crudeness of Niebuhr's remarks whenever he touches on the different races of mankind. 'Thus,' he says, 'the foolish conduct of the Ætolians can only be accounted for by their being a southern nation !' and takes occasion from the

inability of the Cimbri and Teutones to bear the Italian sun so well as the Romans, to moralize on the superior muscular strength of the southerners !' We may here add that Arnold also has a great, and we think exaggerated contempt, for the Celtic nations. It has not, as far as we know, been sufficiently remarked, that the Gauls and Germans were always superior to the Romans as warriors, considered individually. 'Against other nations,' says Sallust, 'we contend for glory and empire; but against the Gauls we have always had to fight for existence.' This was true, though the Gauls were immeasurably inferior in discipline and arms, and all the arts of war; and from their first appearance to their final destruction of the empire, the Germans proved to the Romans more terrible than the Gauls.

One of the most startling results of Roman conquest, was the extreme profligacy of the noblest ladies in Rome. This seems to have arisen out of the ambition of the men, and the dissolution of all other ties than those of blood, so that one who wished to attach himself to another, tried to effect it by marriage; and if one or both of the parties were already married, it was brought about by divorce. The extreme frequency of divorce caused a depravity hardly equalled in any other state; and to the fact that it was confined to the *noble* ladies Niebuhr attributes the remarkable result, that for the first century of the empire the great men of Rome would not unite themselves to their equals in rank, but lived in left-handed marriage with a humble and faithful concubine. Although we have already exceeded our limits, we are tempted to add a striking story from Plutarch, concerning a person so pure and virtuous as the really-unparalleled Cato of Utica. It appears that the orator Hortensius conceived so high an admiration of Cato, that he longed to become connected by marriage with him, and therefore begged him to take away his daughter Porcia from her husband Bibulus and give her to Hortensius, or at least lend her to him until such time as she might bear him a child 'for the better cementing of love between the two families.' When Cato could not bring himself to anything so unreasonable as to deprive Bibulus of his wife, Hortensius then said that Cato's own wife Marcia would do as well, if he would spare her, since Cato had probably already as many children as he wished! In short, he persecuted him so much, that Cato at last gave up the decision to Marcius Philippus, his wife's father, by whose consent Hortensius finally gained his end. We must add that Hortensius was a highly-respectable man in his domestic character, and that Cato was afflicted by very disreputable female relatives.

In conclusion we will say that there is no nation in Europe for whom the history of Rome contains more instruction than

for the English. We do not refer now to our conquering spirit in India, although there also it will apply; but to the whole internal state of society; the relation of England to Ireland, and of one class of Englishmen to another. In fact, Niebuhr again and again avows that he understands Roman history by studying the corresponding phenomena in England. We hope, therefore, that the perusal of these valuable works will not be confined to the few who are students of ancient languages; and whatever blemishes we may venture to criticize in so great a genius as Niebuhr, there are few writers indeed in whom they may, with so little flattery, be called 'spots in the sun.'

Art. II. *Ecclesiastica; or, the Church and her Clergy.* By Edward Mahon Roose, of Lincoln's Inn, Esquire. With a portrait of His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury. Hatchard and Son, London. 1842.

TENS of thousands are at length beginning to see and feel the force of a fact which seemed for ages to escape notice. The entanglement of things religious, with things civil and political, would appear to have been deemed a pious duty for many generations. It might have been imagined that confusion, and not order, was to be the grand characteristic of society; and that with respect to the nobler portion of our nature, that through which we approach the most High, the world was to be the Great Teacher of the soul,—the state was to keep the keys of the door of mercy; that kings and princes were to be the dispensers of heavenly wisdom; or that over the portals of eternity were to be emblazoned the frail emblems of earthly grandeur. Alas, for the fatal error! We do not mean just now to enter on the general question of religious establishments, but to ask for the attention of our readers to some matters of detail: and propose showing how the public and private character of the established clergy, within the limits of our native land, becomes more or less affected by that union between church and state, which until of late years it was almost thought blasphemy to impugn; and which still forms a standing toast at tithe audits, chapter-meetings, clerical dinners, and conservative associations. The shortest way, to the hearts of farmers at least, must be down their throats; or else they could never be brought to clap, and roar, and cheer, at that master-piece of hypocritical subtlety, which under the mask of religion, extracts large monies from their pockets, and accelerates the rapidity with which our smaller agriculturists are hurrying into debt and bankruptcy. Let it

however at once be understood, that none can deprecate, more than we do, any approaches to acrimony or personality. Our warfare is exclusively directed against systems, and not against individuals. If we mention a fact, it shall be accurately stated, and upon our own knowledge, whenever possible. But we wish to diffuse the largest amount of truth in our power, with as little collision, as may be, even with the prejudices of our fellow-creatures. We certainly desire to allure others to our way of thinking,—yet by the kindness of ratiocination, rather than the bitterness of controversy.

It is notorious, that the professed object of a religious state establishment, like our own, is the welfare of souls ; the instruction of the people for both worlds. Bunyan, in his matchless allegory, makes the Interpreter take Christian into a private room, where ‘he saw the picture of a very grave person hang up against the wall, and this was the fashion of it:—it had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand ; the law of truth was visible upon its lips, the world was behind its back, it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of glory did hang over its head ! Then said Christian, ‘What means this?’ The Interpreter answered:—‘The man, whose picture this is, is one of a thousand ; he can beget children, travail in birth with children, and nurse them himself, when they are born. And whereas, thou seest him with his eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, and the law of truth written on his lips, it is to shew thee, that his work is to know and unfold dark things to sinners, even as also thou seest him stand as if he pleaded with men. And whereas thou seest *the world as cast behind him*, and that a crown hangs over his head ; it is to show thee, that despising and slighting the things that are present, for the love that he hath to his master’s service, he is sure in the world that comes next, to have glory for his reward.’ ‘Now,’ said the Interpreter, ‘I have showed thee this picture first, because the man whose picture it is, is the only man whom the Lord of the place whither thou art going, hath authorized to be thy guide in all difficult places thou mayest meet with in the way : wherefore, take good heed to what I have shewed thee, and bear well in thy mind what thou hast seen ; lest in thy journey thou meet with some that pretend to lead thee right, but their way goeth down to death.’ How the supporters and opponents of the present order of things may study such a portrait with advantage, must be sufficiently obvious : whilst our convictions are also very strong, that *ex necessitate rerum* the generality of any state clergy will be found lamentably unlike the conceptions of the author of ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’ Let us glance, for a moment, at the manner in which the mass

of such ministers must be affected as preachers,—on platforms,—as parochial pastors,—as too frequently magistrates,—as occasional politicians,—as religious authors,—as members of cathedral chapters,—or as prelates: for all these are departments connected with their public character amongst ourselves.

And first, with regard to the established clergy as preachers, we are not going to deny, but that there are amongst them a goodly multitude, who now divide the Word of God aright, giving to each division of their flocks a certain portion of meat in due season. But it must be remembered, that their evangelical pulpits have grown up in spite of a religious establishment, through the operation of other causes, frowned upon and resisted, all but to the death, by the heads and lords of that establishment itself, which for three hundred years has persecuted the puritans and their successors. The state fed the church with loaves and fishes, exacting from the latter in return either silence or subserviency. About a century since, John Wesley blew a trumpet, which whether he intended it or not, awoke from profound slumber sundry principles of vital godliness, whose complete developement, as well amongst episcopalians as nonconformists, will work out that solemn declaration of our Lord, *My kingdom is not of this world!* Down to that moment, the so-called church of England might have been suitably typified by one of her own cathedrals:—a pile of massive masonry, magnificent to the eye, cold to the sensations, domineering over all around, mouldering without, forsaken within, as though the genius of formalism had enshrined itself in fretted stone. Alliance between the church and state had effected all this: for how could the former realize her union with Christ as her only living head, when articles, formularies and subscriptions, all subjugated her to another master,—to the king or queen who might be the reigning monarch of the time? Nor was this earthly sovereign a mere *caput mortuum*. On the contrary; the iron hand of a ruthless prime minister controlled both directly and indirectly the ordinations of more than a myriad of clergymen,—avowing indeed that they were influenced by the Holy Ghost to take upon them their sacred offices, yet notoriously treating that grave avowal as something worse than a practical dead letter. Hence of necessity ensued hypocrisy, secularity, latitudinarianism, heresy, and spiritual death. To preach at all, once in a week or fortnight, or even in a month, or a quarter of a year in some rural districts, was esteemed a meritorious action; confining our remarks as we are now doing to the generality of those denominated strictly orthodox, and untainted with methodism. Of what sort the sermons were, throughout these dreary periods, let collections of dusty volumes testify, found only in the libraries of ecclesiastical

dignitaries, and even there consigned to the obscurity of upper shelves and dark closets. When at length better days arrived, through the divine blessing on the instrumentality of such men as Romaine, Scott, Venn, Grimshawe, Simeon, Cecil, and a number besides, did the Establishment bless or curse their labours? And if we are told, that now at least episcopalian evangelism walks abroad in silver slippers, wrapped in the rich robes of opulent patronage, mingling with canons, deans, and archdeacons, or ascending to the lordly bench, whilst at home in the snuggest parsonages of our towns and villages, it reads the 'Record,' denounces dissent, and swears cordial allegiance in its very soul to things as they are;—our sorrowful rejoinder is, that true as all these allegations are, they make the heart sad and sick to look upon them. The fine gold has become dim. The precious sons of Zion, who could once love all that loved their common Saviour, seem almost to have passed away. Taking the criterion of our Lord, *Hereby shall all men know whether ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another*, to test the precise circumstances of the case, it must be admitted, that the state of genuine individual piety is low amongst many: that depth has been sacrificed to surface: that profession and practice have gone far towards a dissolution of partnership: that christian heroes of large stature and comprehensive vision have been succeeded by purblind pigmies: that instead of glorying, as the Milners used to do, in coming up from the valleys of separation to the platforms of union at our public meetings, our present clergy have qualms about mingling with nonconformists, and are more intent about the cut and colour of ecclesiastical vestments, than the promotion of harmony and concord. We may safely appeal both to the metropolis and provinces, as to whether or not this coldness, and this exclusiveness, have not seriously told upon their preaching. Since Bishop Wilson left Bedford Row, we would ask whether the episcopalian pulpit in London imparts an influence, powerful and palpable as it formerly did, to our learned professions? Have not tenuity, bad taste, an oratorical imitation of Chalmerism, declamatory attacks upon opponents, whether Romanist or Protestant, usurped those spheres of usefulness, where Newton, or Owen, or Leigh Richmond would labour, were they now alive, in another spirit. We see plenty of religious amiability, perhaps, in certain well known quarters: but where is the power—where is the love—where is the sound, enlarged, catholic mind? The state has touched even the revival of this century with its wand of torpor. The anglican church has, it is true, multiplied its rites and ceremonies, but there has been any thing rather than a correspondent increase of vigour and fruitfulness. That there

are exceptions to such statements we most frankly admit; yet that the general view is overdrawn few we think will be found to affirm.

But let us listen to the speakers upon episcopalian platforms; which, it will be remembered, were once rarely countenanced by those in authority; whilst now, the Christian Knowledge Society, and that for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, venture to hold their provincial assemblages, and attend the addresses of deputations, or even hired agents,—employed most honourably, as we conceive, for the promotion of their respective purposes. We have heard and read many of these orations, delivered, as may well be imagined, by individuals of rank and station, and highly cultivated minds. With the exception of some, by Archdeacon Wilberforce, and one or two others, their main features appeared to us to be unimpressiveness and short-sightedness. No one would suppose, that any machinery existed in the world for missionary objects, besides the funds and committees, and officers, of these venerable associations. They are generally alluded to in the same sentence, or the same breath, as the Siamese twins of the Church of England. Eloquence on their behalf, can scarcely fail to move in a very contracted field. Any germinating ardours, on behalf of missionary enterprise, quickly wither away amidst the gravity, formalism, etiquette, and exclusiveness of the whole affair. The genius of state patronage takes the chair: decency and dullness perform the part of vergers, drilling both those who speak, and those who hear, into the decorum of ecclesiastical propriety: whilst zeal and spiritual-mindedness remain comfortably at home, lest they should be mistaken for enthusiasm and fanaticism. Fancy but some stray Rowland Hill to rise in support of a motion: how would secretaries gaze and stare; what looks would be exchanged, and whispers circulated; deans would elbow prebendaries, or wait for the frowns of right reverend fathers in God, with mute amazement: the orator would be deemed out of his wits, as most undoubtedly he would find himself out of his place; and the end would be, a reprimand from his superiors, for breaking through the fences of order, although it were to proclaim truth, or save souls. Within the last three years, an amalgamation was attempted, between the British hierarchy, and the Church Missionary Society in Salisbury-square. Never were consequences more ludicrous, if anything could be ludicrous in connection with such subjects. Surely the evangelical clergy have, since that event, had to make as many wry faces as if they had eaten Ezekiel's roll. But so it is, even with the most pious men; if they will run to the State for that shelter and assistance, which ought

only to be sought for from the ark and sanctuary of the Lord of Hosts, they may for a while get stroked and petted for their pains, yet there lies no mode of escape from the penalty which they will have to pay for it. The episcopal advocates of the Bible Society are diminishing, rapidly, we imagine; and, with the exception of the grand May meeting in Exeter Hall, those in holy orders are by no means prominent as they once were on its platforms, even where they continue a subscription to its funds. An instance occurred the other day, when, with an eminent prelate as president, the ministers of his lordship's own parish, although decidedly evangelical in their principles, declined to sit by his side, and would only listen to what passed from the lower benches of a very moderate audience. The argument of all such persons is, that from any and every contact with nonconformity, the 'Church is in danger;' by which they mean, the union between their denomination and the government of the country.

But, in the far more important department of pastoral visitation, are the evils of this fatal union to be discerned. Throughout the 10,000 parishes of the land there are placed, rectors, vicars, or curates, as spiritual instructors; without the slightest notice of the fact, as to whether they may prove acceptable, or otherwise, to the flocks over which they are to preside. These sheep may happen all to belong to other shepherds, except as to their fleeces, about which there is sure never to be any misapprehension. The wool goes all one way: but let that pass. There are at least scores of cases in Ireland, where the parishioners to a man are Roman Catholics; besides a number in Wales and Cornwall, where something like seven-eighths of the inhabitants are dissenters. The intrusive teacher, in these instances, can exercise no beneficial influences. Human nature is human nature; so that every bristle stands upon end against the flagrant and insulting anomaly. Yet, what is all this to the man of the University, who comes among his people with a rod of power, bound up by the law of the land. Even where episcopalians and nonconformists are merely mingled together in not unequal proportions, a most injurious result ensues upon the pastoral character. He, who ought to be the minister of peace, quickly feels his position to be more or less one of antagonism towards a large portion of his parishioners. There is a consciousness within him, that he must walk up and down his village, as the personification of a principle, which he knows to be impugned. The right hand of fellowship can only be held out towards those who differ from him, however excellent they may be, by a considerable effort; which, in these days, a less number of pious clergymen than formerly are disposed to make. Hence, tithes, and

church-rates alone, are enough to compromise the most angelic minister. His pastoral character catches an infection, almost whether he will or not. His bearing, even towards his own congregation comes to evince an increasing sense, that he is clothed with authority, derived from secular, as well as spiritual sources. The laity are looked upon by his Order, as has been once remarked, but as ashes under the soles of their feet. Tradesmen and the lower classes are given insensibly to understand, that his office invests him with no inconsiderable rank : which, moreover, leads him onward to court the great far too frequently, however a sense of duty may compel him to care for the humbler members of his church in the way of charity, superintendence, and condescension. An episcopalian commentator of admitted piety, the late Thomas Scott, very candidly observes, that ‘ perhaps Satan never carried a more important point, than when the opinion was adopted of the clergy being gentlemen by profession ; and, when he led them to infer from it, that they and their families ought to live in a genteel and fashionable style. When they were thus taught to imitate the appearance of the affluent, the most effectual step was taken to reduce them to abject dependance ; to convert them into parasites and flatterers ; to render them very indulgent to the vices of the rich and great ; or even to tempt them to become the instruments of accomplishing their ambitious designs : *and no small part of the selfishness and artifices of the clergy, have in fact originated from this fatal mistake !*’ Worldliness can scarcely be escaped, where the pastor is lifted up above the heads of his fellows, by the very law under which he lives ; where his subsistence from the altar is secured, whether he serves that altar, or declines doing so ; where a golden ladder of ecclesiastical promotion is for ever set up before his eyes ; and, where, from his exclusive education, habits of thought, as well as general associations, the distance is too great for habitual sympathy between the minister and an ignorant population. His intercourse, even with the meanest of his communicants, may be conscientiously frequent, and of the most benevolent kind : but daily experience tells us, that something must be wrong ; that vice in our rural districts is not repressed ; that the blind in heart are not instructed ; that the tears of the poor are not wiped away ; and, that affection for an established clergy is getting less and less, throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom.

That they are too often magistrates is undeniable ; nor, can those of our readers who may be only cognizant of the state of society in towns, conceive with what emotions that awful personage whom men call a Justice of the Peace, is contemplated in the country. No peasantry can ever be brought to love,

however they may naturally fear such an official. Their minds perpetually connect him with the game laws and poaching,—with the licenses of public houses and beer-shops,—with the cage, the stocks, and the whipping-post. Of individual exceptions we are not now speaking: but what we aim at, in a broad general view of the subject, is that more curious compound of rustic admiration,—the parson-squire! He may be the most amiable person alive,—the most accomplished and best educated man in the neighbourhood: which of course all goes for nothing with regard to the fitness, or rather atrocious unfitness, of putting preachers of the gospel of Christ into the Lord Chancellor's Commission of the Peace. The imagined eligibility, however, for this coveted, though troublesome office, very often produces its reflex operation upon the clergyman. It places him in mental approximation with the squirearchy and aristocracy. It augments and inflames the sensitiveness, to which we have already alluded, respecting his rank and position in the social world. His secular affections soar with a higher and brighter feather. He oftener remembers, and more cordially clings, to that adulterous connection between Church and State, which confers upon him so much of his consequence: and just so far as this occurs, his incapacity will appear more manifest for pastoral and pulpit occupations. This is not the way to qualify for attendance upon death-beds, for binding up broken, or healing wounded consciences; nor ought the genuine minister of religion to fear the lord-lieutenant of his county, who may possibly exact rather more subserviency than may be pleasant, where the clerical country gentleman has got entangled among the temptations of the Quorum! Public opinion seems at length taking some beneficial direction with regard to these matters. Hunting, shooting, and coursing, are not in vogue as they used to be with such as wear gown and cassock; fewer incumbents than formerly are found applying for, or issuing out their *dedimus potestatem*: which are the incipient symptoms, perhaps, of that mighty revolution, which will one day prohibit our civil and spiritual authorities from entrenching upon each others' boundaries. Mankind will presently acknowledge, that they have tolerated more than enough of such absurdities: nor will pious and enlightened episcopalians be then slow to perceive, whatever may be their existing prejudices, that the cause of genuine and vital godliness must be an immense gainer by the change.

Akin to the magisterial dignity is the question of politics. There can be no just reason, we conceive, that ministers of religion should abstain from the exercise of civil rights, so that the higher claims of their holy functions be not lost sight of, and all be done from right motives for general edification. We are

not amongst those who quarrel with a clergyman for giving his vote; but it is to the influence of the establishment upon his character, in acting as an occasional politician, that we wish to attract attention. This has brought him unhappily so to confound things which differ, as that he has become incapable of discerning between good and evil. His patriotism, supposing him to be sincere, has lost its reality, through the false medium in which an alliance between church and state makes everything appear. Ask him in his own parlour, whether Christianity has its foundation in certain acts of parliament; and his notions, down to a given point, will probably develop the most satisfactory theological soundness. But on the hustings, or during the preparatory bustle of an election, he walks and talks, as though the existence of the kingdom of heaven upon earth, altogether turned upon state endowments, great and small tithes, the exaction of vexatious rates, the lawn sleeves of the prelacy, or the denunciation without discrimination or mercy, of those whom he calls papists, heretics, or schismatics. Hence confusion and exclusiveness, bigotry and monopoly, nervous fearfulness of popular freedom, and attachment to arbitrary notions of government, obtain paramount ascendancy over his mind. He ranges his name, his influence, his subscription, countenance, and exertions, under the banners of whatever may be selfish and illiberal. We have known instances, where a pious, evangelical, episcopalian candidate, has not only been denied support from the clergy of his own communion, and way of thinking generally,—but they have one and all, in a large and populous district, given their suffrages to his opponent, although a concealed Unitarian, simply because there was a profession of conservatism on that side, whilst liberalism formed the characteristic of the other. Nor is this all; since the temporary obliquity to which it leads is fearful; and goes materially to shake the confidence of large masses in the genuine honour and fair dealing of their spiritual guides. Amidst the excitement and turmoil of the moment, the end comes to be considered as justifying the means; although, of course, this would not be either secretly or openly admitted. Some popular war-cry is caught up, of a nature to alarm the timid, or disconcert those who, without having much opportunity to reflect, are easily puzzled. An instance occurred not very long ago, at the contest for Kendal, of this kind; but we were ourselves privy, in one of the earlier reform struggles, to the following circumstance. There was an individual of unexceptionable claims, who aimed on that occasion at the representation of an eastern county. No offence could be found in him, but that he was liberal in his politics, and had voted against Sir Andrew

Agnew; not because he was himself a low sabbatarian but simply because he rightly conceived that the vagaries of the Scotch baronet would interfere with the rights of conscience. A resident clergyman, renowned for his popularity as an author, and equally so for his unwearied practice of all that the parochial ministry requires, carried six freeholders to the poll out of his own parish on behalf of toryism, all got together under the erroneous impression that the liberal aspirant was *opposed to the Christian sabbath!* But apart from this case, we have heard and seen enough to convince us, in contests for large cities, that where once apprehension is awakened for the destiny of the most unhallowed covenant amongst all human institutions, the clergy, whether evangelical or otherwise, have no bowels for the claims of the oppressed, the welfare of commerce, or the liberties of mankind. Hence, in an age of politicians, when the hour of danger arrives, it will be seen that their hold upon popular affections has long been at an end. Should the tempest ever seem to demand such a step, we apprehend that their privileges, revenues, and worldly gear, will be thrown overboard, or else appropriated, without ten minutes opposition from any but themselves, and their unenlightened followers.

We believe that they rarely come forward into the political arena, as authors, with some very striking allowances for the periodical press, and some occasional pamphlets on tithes or the corn-laws. But as religious writers, we have never been slow in admitting their merits; associated indeed as those are with an exclusive possession of advantages, for which the non-conformists have so long sighed in vain. And yet with regard to these last, we firmly believe that so great is the deterioration produced by the anomalous system under which they are dispensed, that few dissenters would purchase admission to the universities, beyond what is rather grudgingly afforded them at Cambridge, if the literary honours of the Isis and the Cam were only to be worn by putting their necks into an ecclesiastical yoke, which neither our fathers nor ourselves have been able to endure. Whatever enthrones exclusiveness in the intellect of a nation, or any considerable portion of a nation, will surely tend to realize the Japanese result of dwarfing natural productions. Let any candid observer ponder over the pages of our current religious literature, issuing as it does weekly, monthly, quarterly, and annually, from fountains overshadowed by the establishment. Works on science may be excluded from present consideration for obvious reasons. Can the history of the church of Christ by the two Milners, a most admirable and important publication in its way, be deemed a work worthy of its title-page, with its continuation by the Rev.

John Scott, and others? Are the Memoirs, the Abridgements, the Narratives, the Travels, the Essays, which almost surpass calculation as to their number, and *weight in a certain sense*,—illustrations of mental power or weakness? or are not the best of these specimens of mediocrity,—reproductions of what went before them,—a serving up of other men's ideas,—a resurrection of old folios and quartos, in the more convenient forms of neatly printed, and handsomely bound hand-books, and duodecimos? How are the streams of controversy not defiled with the secular argumentation, intended to defend that which will sooner or later cease to be defended? Is not the pen of Puseyism more than a match for the puny, hobbling publications, which vainly endeavour to weave ropes out of sand, and read the book of Common Prayer backward? Has not the 'British Critic' in many a pungent and powerful paper impaled the writhing correspondents of the 'Christian Observer;' not that the former is doctrinally right, or the latter wrong;—but just because, for purposes of its own, it can see and boldly point to the mischiefs rather than the advantages resulting from what religious episcopalians idolize. The Tractarians have actually made the discovery, that the church might be severed from Queen Victoria, and live on, perhaps more healthily than before, after its visible head were cut off! We are well aware what these Oxonians would be aiming at; but just on this point they are more potent than their antagonists, as being nearer the truth than they are. Yet, meanwhile, as to religious authorship generally, one may easily predicate that the mantle of Puritanism, in the strength of its simplicity, the amplitude of its learning, and the celestial fervour of its theology, will never impregnate our present episcopalian evangelicals, until they break off the fetters and manacles, with which church and state slavery has hampered them. Whenever this felicitous event shall have happened, there will be bright prospects perhaps of originality superseding imitation. Few things, in our humble judgment, can be more unsatisfactory than the general religious press is at this moment.

Yet that press has not unfrequently opened up a path of preferment leading at least to what are called the silver stalls of our cathedral chapters. In these high stations, as is well understood, a crowd of dignitaries repose in ecclesiastical ease, from all labours, except that of preaching about half-a-dozen times in the year, and dividing the ample revenues which may be attached to their canonries. Even the moderate amount of six sermons, or sometimes we believe eight, may be delivered by proxy, and on the most moderate terms conceivable; since the minor canons have to eke out their wretched pittance by

catching at such stray bones, which their superiors may not care to pick. The silent effect of our great chapters upon the clerical character is deplorable. Their duty, in fact, is neither more nor less than that of drones. If the dean, whose period of residence, under the new regulation, is three months; or the archdeacons and prebendaries, be worldly persons, there ensues a dull routine of liturgical performances, onerous to themselves and uninteresting to others. Absenteeism to the uttermost legal extent, card-playing conscientiously restricted within certain equivocal bounds of decency, together with the ostentatious observance of the anniversary of King Charles the martyr, and the Fifth of November, fill out the rolling year, and exhaust its golden showers. Should they be religious individuals, as is now sometimes the case, a revival of Laudian pharisaism ensues, if high church principles prevail; or if low ones get the ascendancy, the choir remains neglected. The singing-boys are pretty much left to themselves, their shirts are allowed to get as dirty as their hands, and the only difference seen on Sundays is, that fair congregations attend upon very good discourses. But are any of these evangelical preachers hostile to the abuses around them? Alas, no, in nowise! There is a Chapter with which, from circumstances, we happen to be acquainted, where, on pointing out some lamentable deficiencies with regard to the tenor and counter-tenor voices, the answer was, that it was impossible to pay adequate salaries towards securing them: the rate of remuneration being no more than a sovereign a week for constant attendance twice a day in the cathedral. It never once occurred to our worthy informant, himself a truly devoted minister of the gospel, that whilst twenty shillings were grudgingly paid for seven days labour in the church service, those reverend individuals who *did not so labour*, received the following incomes, taken from the printed returns, and notoriously understated: namely, the lord bishop £10,500 per annum, besides a princely palace in the country, and a noble metropolitan residence; the dean £1,500 a year and his deanery; twelve canons, including a chancellor and two arch-deacons with separate stipends in addition, each £750 per annum, and all enjoying those most comfortable prebendal houses, which, with their gable ends and antique oriels, are the admiration of architects and all tasteful tourists: and yet, forsooth, funds are not forthcoming to render effective that single plea upon which these minster establishments are ever attempted to be defended! Now, in this very city, there are four parish churches where the clerical income only ranges from £60 to £90 per annum: the remuneration deemed sufficient for brother clergymen, who take two or three full duties every Sabbath, in addition to their paro-

chial toils every day amongst the rich and poor of a dense municipal population. Who can help discerning the inevitable effects upon the pastoral character thus produced by our Chapters; both upon those who taste their honey, and those who have the honour of merely looking on, in the faint hope, perhaps, that some day or other they also may be permitted to sweeten their fingers in it? We have not pitched upon an extreme or solitary instance: far from it. The Canterbury Chapter, consisting of a dozen canons, enjoys about £15,000 per annum; whilst the dean is also a bishop. At Durham the same apostolic number share about £30,000 a year: the deanery alone being no less than £3,000 per annum besides. London is nearly the same. Westminster and Windsor come very close to £20,000 a year each. The warden and ten Winchester fellows share about £10,500 for positively doing nothing*. Not a sermon can be exacted from one of them that we are aware of. The entire income of our cathedral and collegiate bodies stands in the parliamentary reports at £284,241, exclusive of fines, leases, residences, and the like; which, as is well known, and was demonstrated in the House of Commons by Lord Montague, would add another £250,000 of annual revenue to the amount by a fair change of leaseholds into freeholds. It is not too much, therefore, to take the gross sum, comprehending within it about sixty sinecure rectories, at £550,000 per annum, representing a capital of about eighteen millions sterling at the present prices of landed and real property. We maintain that no clergy could be connected for generations with such masses of the mammon of unrighteousness without consequent corruption and secularity.

What, then, shall we say, when we approach the spiritual peerage? There must surely have been a lapse of the original manuscript of the Greek testament in certain well known passages! Nor could Our Lord have spoken otherwise than, 'I say unto you, call those who call themselves successors of my apostles upon earth, master, master, rabbi, rabbi!' Whilst St. Peter must have had the negative interpolated in his text, when he seems to have uttered the strongest prohibition possible

* The abuses of Winchester College are most extraordinary. William of Wykeham enacted that all the scholars should be *pauperes et indigentes*; and that if any one of them, except the relatives of the founder, *possessiones spirituales vel temporales annui valoris centum solidorum pacifice adeptus fuerit*, he was immediately to withdraw from the institution, as being no longer among the objects intended to be relieved and assisted. The present scholars comprize the sons of some of the most opulent gentry in the kingdom! Nor should another cognate atrocity be forgotten in the same neighbourhood, that of St. Cross, and the misapplication of its magnificent endowments, bequeathed for the poor, and appropriated by the noble and opulent.

against elders *lording* it over God's heritage! We would only, however, wish to excite a momentary smile, that no asperity may rest upon our assertions. The subject is indeed too serious for aught but the most humiliating lamentation. Here is a church professing protestantism *par excellence*, as against the Romanist, and disciplinary orthodoxy as against nonconformists. 'We are the people, and wisdom will die with us,' loudly exclaim Doctor Hook and his ingenious coadjutors. 'We are the catholics of England,' re-echo all the Oxford tractarians! 'Ours is the vanguard of the host of the Lord, going forth to illuminate heathenism in general, and India in particular,' cry the evangelicals, who at home look coolly upon those with whom they once took sweet counsel, and from whose missionaries abroad they are more and more withdrawing themselves, because dissenters resist abuses, and are declared to have become political! This church avowing, on its own behalf, that it is wiser than Daniel; that it is the anointed cherub to cover with its wings, and illuminate with its light the whole land; this very church, which even in the matter of national education claims the nomination of every teacher, male or female, that nothing but sound genuine christianity may be dispensed; this very church is the bond-slave to the state, openly defies as well as violates the precepts of her founder, and revels in the glories of the present world. Being episcopal in her constitution, it might have been taken for granted that her machinery for ordination would be kept undefiled; since without this, the leprosy of corruption must pass from her bishops to the entire pastorate. We have already alluded to this painful point, as to which there can be no mistake. The premier, whether a Bolingbroke, a Walpole, a Pitt, or a Pelham, whether Lord Melbourne or Sir Robert Peel, nominates to each vacancy in the right reverend bench precisely that clergyman, who will best suit his purpose. From that hour he is metamorphosed into a prelate—a lord of parliament—a compound of secular and ecclesiastical anomalies—enthroned in a cathedral, lodged in a palace, encumbered with a diocese rather comprehending territories than districts, and endowed with enormous revenues. Protestant mitres, beyond all question, eclipse popish ones, with here and there an exception. His holiness at Rome has not more available funds at his command, for private purposes, than the Archbishop of Canterbury; whose archbishopric, after the life of its present occupant, is to be cast into the furnace of reformation, and will be most parsimoniously curtailed and pinched for the next holder, to the minimum of only £17,000 sterling per annum! If such is to be its future poverty, what must be its present opulence? The metropolitans of Russia, Germany, France, Spain, and Portugal, never dream of any approximation to such revenues. The see

of London is conceived to be rapidly on the road towards an amount of revenue ranging from £20,000 to £30,000 per annum. The palatinate of Durham used to be the same; and the Earl of Bristol for twenty-seven years extracted similar incomes from the sinecure of Derry, in Ireland. In this last unhappy country, what, indeed, have been the effects of the Anglican episcopate; and what are they at the present moment? The protestant episcopalians there are not more than equivalent to the population of Wales—about 800,000. Lord Grey, amidst the panic which his measures struck into the heart of conservatism, obtained an ungracious consent from the house of lords for cutting down the Irish church from twenty-two to twelve prelaties. Yet still the primate and metropolitan retain almost royal allowances. Our princesses have generally drawn £9,000 per annum from the treasury; but Armagh rejoices in £14,494—Dublin in £7,786—Clogher in £8,668—Derry in £8,000—Kilmore in £6,253—Meath in £7,000—and several more in upwards of £5,000. The see of Clogher has forty-five parishes, twenty-nine of which are in the patronage of the bishop! We shall probably have another opportunity of enlarging upon the peculiar enormities connected with the establishment of the Emerald Isle. The evils of patronage are about equal in both countries. That of Winchester is equivalent to the pecuniary proceeds of his lordship's diocese. The Options*, as they are termed, of the British primacy, enabled Archbishop Moore to provide ten sons and nephews with £2,000 per annum each, besides the private fortunes left them, all gathered out of ecclesiastical property; since, as is well known, his father was only a butcher. Three Irish prelates, within our own recollection, have died worth half a million sterling between them, who had commenced the world with nothing but their talents for getting rich. We repeat it, and that without fear of contradiction,—that the spiritual coronet, in which the elders and supporters of the church of England so notoriously glory, is neither more nor less than a tiara of iniquity, against which nonconformity may as properly protest, as the Anglican establishment itself professes to do against the triple diadem of the Pope of Rome. It is a golden, and secular, and therefore incestuous identification of the mystical body of

* *Options*, in ecclesiastical language, are abuses very little heard of, and still less are they understood amongst the generality of our readers. The archbishop of each province fixes on the best piece of preferment, attached to any one of the mitres within the twenty sees of Canterbury, or the four of York; and has it for his own; or at least it remains at his disposal, and may even be left by will to his executors. Some of the presentations in the case of Archbishop Moore, for example, were posthumous. Hence the indirect patronage, held by the British primate, exceeds even his revenues in annual value: and has no parallel in enormity since the days of the Popes at Avignon!

Christ with the principles of that fallen world which lieth in the wicked one. And now we would request our readers to carry all these circumstances, upon which we have touched, into the house of the Interpreter. Let the pastoral portrait of John Bunyan serve as an index to our inquiries : so that in all plainness and fidelity the results may appear of the alliance between church and state upon the public character of our established episcopalian clergy.

With regard to its influences upon their private conversation, we shall venture to glance at the manner in which the system works at our public schools—at our colleges and universities—in their parsonages, where they settle down in town or rural life—how it operates as to the far too frequent plan of taking pupils—and lastly, how it affects their behaviour in general society. First, as to our great seminaries for those nondescript personages, who are not to be treated either quite as boys, nor yet as young men. Winchester, Harrow, Eton, Westminster, Christ's Hospital, St. Paul's, Rugby, and Shrewsbury, are the foremost of their kind ; some of them very affluent in their endowments, and some exceedingly profligate. Besides these, there are the other numberless free grammar-schools, and houses for private tuition, where the clergy, acting as pædagogues, educate those who are to be clergymen like themselves. Here applies the old proverb, 'as the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined.' The strongest church and state principles are imbibed in almost all these nurseries and hotbeds of education as matters of course. The mode in which religion is represented before the youthful mind is essentially that of formalism. All that is said, heard, seen, read, and written has this tendency. Classical studies are made to shed a baleful influence in this direction. The pictured pages of Livy, if commented upon at all, go to illustrate the religious bearings of the old Roman character ; in that the government patronized gods many, and lords many ; expending large sums for the support of flamens, augurs, vestal virgins, sacred chickens, and a splendid ritual. Ideas are not merely engendered, but they are fostered, that after all, affairs of faith and worship should be under the guidance of temporal governors : that a priesthood, or in other words, a clergy, ought to be paid and protected by the powers that be : that kings and queens should be fathers and mothers to churches : that by how much christianity is better than paganism, by so much ought it to be better taken care of by sovereigns : that personal religion is a topic never to be spoken of through fear of fanaticism or hypocrisy : that the clergy rank as gentlemen, being connected with the state ; whilst dissenting ministers, being not so connected, must fall into their places lower down in the scale. Here are sown the *semina malorum incunabulis rerum* ! The

establishment essentially educates her youth for this world, rather than for that which is to come. Shadows of time get so intermingled with the grand realities of eternity, that the former stand or flit between the eye and the latter; until these come to be little or seldom thought of, except just at prayers, or on a Sunday. Intellect, mind, affections, associations, are all thus suffered to be developed amidst the phantasies of a social phantasmagoria; for which selfishness and the flesh afford the necessary screen; whilst Satan manages the lanthorn and shifts the glasses. The microcosm of an academy, whether great or small, thus prepares its victims for the mighty frauds and impostures of subsequent life. Those, who are to teach others, are first moulded from the very commencement for a specific purpose. The established clergy act themselves, after having been acted upon by others, in upholding the artificial machinery, which is to secularize that which is spiritual. The mischief goes on from generation to generation; and the son of an ecclesiastic at school just presents us in embryo with what his father has been before him, and what his descendants are destined to be after him. It is a revolution rather than a reformation, which must be effected in our entire educational system, with regard to the middle and upper classes, before the claims of the country at large, or the aspirations of christian philanthropy can hope to be fully realized. As things are, the clerical schoolboy lives, moves, and has his being, in an atmosphere fatal to genuine patriotism—fatal to all fair future respect for the rights of conscience—fatal to that humility of soul which may be the mother of vital godliness—fatal to every faculty for duly appreciating the relations of religious liberty to civil government.

But from school, in nine cases out of ten, he goes to college, where all that was before injurious is strengthened, and all that was the contrary is diminished or weakened. He is still further removed from pure female sympathies, which so often correct practically the theoretic obliquities of our own sterner sex. Woman is the visible angel to childhood and youth; but the university forthwith stifles her voice, lest it should interfere with its own sublime title of Alma Mater! We are not going to dwell upon the abuses at Oxford and Cambridge, where segregation from all domestic influences, and attachment to monopoly and exclusiveness, are the main objects aimed at. Let the coerced celibacy of our fellowships attest the one; and the oaths or subscriptions, on matriculating, or taking degrees, answer for the other. Our plan is rather to point out, in passing, the mode in which the character of an episcopalian pastorate, or that of any other established denomination, must of necessity be affected. There the future preacher of the gospel forms his habits, and acquires

his divinity. Does the apostle declare that 'he is not a Jew that is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision, which is outward in the flesh;' in other words, that true religion is and must be essentially a matter of the heart,—in the spirit, and not in the letter, whose praise is not of man but of God?—the commentary afforded by our universities and colleges would seem to tend altogether the contrary way! Let any candid, unsophisticated spectator spend a calendar month among them, and then be made to give testimony as to his genuine impressions. Why, until the revival of what Laud propounded before the commonwealth, and with the exception of the Simeonites at Cambridge, those vast twin institutions, sometimes termed the two eyes of our beloved country, were, with regard to all that constitutes spiritual religion, cities of the dead—sepulchres of godliness! Their influences were admitted to be petrific, in relation to the life of God in the soul of man. The palpable postponement of theological to mathematical and classical studies; the style of expense and general living; the conversation and habitual character of the combination rooms; the slight regard paid to the oath on admission, which universal outcry has at length succeeded in altering; the mode of management with regard to collegiate property; the absence of effective discipline, except as to the merest outside of the cup and platter, nor indeed always even that; all tend to the consequences already intimated. The young master of arts carries away with him the strongest impression that he is a privileged person; that his religion is that of the state, whose secular arm turns a lottery-wheel replete with golden prizes,—some one of which may fall to his share. At all events he is about launching on the sea of life *a gentleman by profession*, a minister irresponsible to the people, unhaunted, and therefore undaunted, by the horrors of the voluntary system; an instructor licensed to be listened to; a spiritual Adonis to be followed, or perhaps flattered, by the fair. A worthy living clergyman has frequently mentioned an anecdote of his Oxford life to the following effect. Descending one day his staircase, he perceived the door of an undergraduate's apartments left ajar at an improper hour. Hearing an audible voice alluding to females and large fortunes, he at once entered, as having a right, from some tutorial office he then held, to do so. His amusement became extreme at finding himself still unperceived, so engrossed was the future curate in soliloquizing before a large mirror, with his fingers stroking his whiskers,—'This face is worth five thousand pounds at least; and why not fifteen, or possibly fifty!' Let the correspondence, which has recently occupied the public journals, still further illustrate the wretched results of current university abuses, in pretending to train the flower of our young men for that sacred

plough, to which whosoever putteth his hand, and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God. The spots of Oxford and Cambridge are indeed those of the leopard.

But from college, after entering upon deacons' and priests' orders, we may follow the new clergyman to his parsonage. And here we will take our first glimpse of him as an incumbent, whether in town or country it may not much matter. If in the former, the living will be, in the majority of instances, a vicarage, the best brick house in the best and quietest street; or else like the palace of Anchises at Troy, *Secreta domus arboribusque oblecta*, with a neat iron railing, adjacent to the churchyard, fronting the pavement where a mail coach used to pass before railways were invented. Should rural preferment have fallen to his lot, that pretty comfortable residence is his, exactly midway between the old grey mansion of the squire, and the handsomest farmhouse in the parish. There are about 3,700 benefices in England worth from £400 to £4,000 a year, and he has got one of these: but how did his reverence acquire it? If a fellow of a college, he obtained it in rotation, at the age of forty-five, after spending twenty of his best years in waiting as a bachelor curate, playing proxy for an absentee; or else his university had the benefit of his protracted labours in absorbing port wine and venison during term-time, whilst throughout the long vacation he expended his allowance of from £200 to £700 a year in travelling. If he were not a fellow, then the case stands thus: his father, uncle, aunt, trustee, or guardian, purchased for him this cure of souls, exactly as a military commission is secured at the Horse Guards. Innumerable are the advertisements which may meet the eye in every newspaper, setting forth that the advowson or next presentation of such and such a parish is to be sold by auction or private contract—that the tithes are ample—the glebe rich land—the parsonage a capital one for a genteel family—the inhabitants of the village or hamlet so many—the neighbourhood perfectly unexceptionable—and the surrounding country picturesque or favourable for sporting. One often sees it mentioned, that the trout streams are plentiful, or that one or more packs of hounds are within ten miles of the favoured spot. An enormous price is paid down, the rectory falls in, and the happy presentee, after swearing that simony had nothing whatever to do with the business, is regularly inducted. There is yet a third, or even a fourth avenue to these matchless incumbencies. Perhaps there is a fat living attached to the family estate; and if that be a large one there may be three, thirteen, thirty, or even more rectories or vicarages to dispose of. Some of our magnates have fifty: the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster has as many; and the Lord

Chancellor no less than seven hundred, great and small ! Hence the younger branches of our gentry and aristocracy crowd into the sanctuary. *Put me into one of the priest's offices that I may eat a piece of bread*, comes to be realized every day. Hungry applicants for clerical employment besiege the ears of the wealthy and powerful. The charge of souls passes from hand to hand, or from generation to generation, like a bale of goods, a pipe of Madeira, or a patrimony of manorial acres. An Irish prelate used regularly to sell his patronage : in avoiding the open scandal of which conduct, he pleasantly gave out that the vacant place would be bestowed on that divine, who could inform him about the real father and mother of Melchisedec ! Until his lordship was understood, most deep and learned were the researches of his clergy amongst critics and lexicons : when an old fox, more cunning than the rest, found his way to the palace, and at a very private audience unladed his right pocket of £500, with the remark that, 'This, my lord, was the father,' and emptying the left of another £500, with the avowal, 'This, my lord, was the mother to the personage you mentioned :' the bishop acquiescing in the interpretation, applauding his acumen, pocketing the money, and presenting him to the benefice. What were the procedures the other day with regard to the great deanery of our northern ecclesiastical province, but precisely analogous to this, except that there was the presence of all the wickedness, with an absence of all the humour ? But in some one of these methods nine-tenths of our parsonages in England, Ireland, and Wales, are filled up : and then, what, we would ask, may be fairly expected ? That their inmates may be frequently amiable, learned, charitable, or even influential, and truly pious functionaries, as exceptions, we are happy to acknowledge ; but that the blessed Spirit of God must be grieved and rendered indignant at the whole, as a system, we most fully and firmly are persuaded.

Large numbers, however, of our clergy in the establishment, settle for years on mere curacies ; whilst it is in fact as a curate, that the first orders are always conferred, except as to fellows of colleges. Then follow, in far too many instances, a variety of plans for eking out the scanty income ; such as taking pupils and the like. If people will have an ecclesiastical establishment, one would imagine that it ought to be at least upon something approximating to equitable principles, so far as regards the labourers themselves. The tithe income of England and Wales will this year be about £5,000,000 sterling, which would afford every episcopalian pastor his manse, (as they say in Scotland), and £300 per annum. But no ; our government, which is essentially aristocratic, has imparted its genuine spirit to the

church, with which it is united. Inequality and unfairness are therefore to be held in solution throughout the whole mixture. An enormous portion of our parochial ministers find it absolutely necessary to dedicate the bulk of their time, and the full flow of their health, to other engagements, than those to which they have sworn unreserved devotedness. If they marry without ample fortune, (for an apostolic or primitive one will not answer the purpose), there may be scenes of difficulty, trial, and embarrassment, which we dare not dwell upon. Tuition also neither improves the temper nor promotes the piety of a pastor, in our humble judgment. Immense mischiefs very often ensue to a rural district from it. Meanwhile episcopal power hangs over the heads of poor curates, like the rock of Tantalus. Towards beneficed clergymen, transformed as our political bishops are into prelates—this power is a cat'o-nine-tails; but towards unbeneficed ones, it is a positive scourge of scorpions. Hence all manliness and independence expire in the lapse of years. Mental and spiritual thralldom come at last to neutralize almost the sense of discernment between injustice and moral rectitude. It happened within the sphere of our own knowledge, that a village wanted a good plain school for needle-work, reading, writing, and scriptural instruction. It was suggested that a meeting should be summoned, which the leading persons in the place attended accordingly. Resolutions were agreed to, a committee was nominated, the farmers were canvassed for subscriptions, and several were promised, upon the general understanding that a certain humble amount of contribution should qualify for membership. Meanwhile the worthy clergyman, who had acted as chairman throughout, began to fear his own views with respect to a governess might be thwarted; and so without any regard for the machinery, which had been thus called with his own approval into existence, he took the whole concern into his own hands and made the appointment himself! On being remonstrated with, his reply was,—‘Oh, I know I am legally wrong—I never ought to have consented to a committee at all; but I consulted the bishop about it, and his lordship thinks there had better not be one!’ Had this prelati cal counsel been resorted to at first, and followed, there would have been no such ground of complaint, as that which has now naturally imparted a complete shock to all cordial confidence between minister and parishioners in this instance. It is no answer to say, that many such parishioners care for none of these things. The professed object of an establishment, like our own, is that they should be taught to care; that they should learn to value knowledge; that they should resort ‘to the priest’s lips’ for instruction; that the influences of the parochial system, according to Dr. Chalmers,

should be brought home to every door, and made to enter into every heart. It is pretended by the Quarterly Review and its readers, that the parsonage becomes a little centre of civilization; that around it most generally extends a circle of affectionate and christian sympathies; that honesty, and conscientiousness, and goodwill, salute each other upon its threshold. We venture to contend, on the other hand, that no such associations of necessity occur; that the very contrast is too frequently the consequence; that our best episcopalian pastors are worse off than they need be, through their social position; that people would love and respect them much more than they do now, were it not for the various reasons and circumstances we have touched upon; and that the best arrangement is a voluntary system, which would render the parties respectively dependent upon each other: the labourer being worthy of his hire; the flock having the power of discrimination between false and faithful shepherds.

Let us, in conclusion, just lift the veil for a moment, to peep at the way in which all this works in general society. The established clergyman, we have already said, can hardly fail to consider himself a privileged person. In plain sober truth he is such. He takes precedence before his seniors in age, his superiors in fortune or talents, who may chance to be but laymen; and this not merely by courtesy, which would be granted in any well disposed company to the minister of religion, probably,—but he does it by law. Hence the tone, and air, and manners, of episcopalian pastors in this country, are strikingly different from what they are in America; or at least in the United States. Allowance, we conceive, should be made for this, more than is now the case; because, however we may deplore the fact, men are the creatures of habits, in the worst of which our ecclesiastical dignitaries, rectors, vicars, and curates, are born and educated. Their sphere is one vast scene of aristocratic temptation, varnished over with the pomps and vanities and spiritual formalism of a state religion. Perhaps they do not think and reason as though they were infallible; but, to a certain curious extent, they are taught to act, as if they were so. Hence an obliquity of intellectual vision will almost always ensue. They imagine themselves pious persons, *ex officio*; but it must be in connection with that sort of piety which will handle the sacred lyre according to the notes prescribed by those occupying high places. The present, or late Bishop of London, was never heard to rebuke dukes or marquisses, or other peers at court, for profane swearing. Henry of Exeter has slumbered over royal and noble delinquencies in a manner utterly inexplicable, but upon the exposition furnished through the union between church and state. Prelates, who attained their sees by the influences of

titled courtezans, have never been known to preach upon the seventh commandment before George the Fourth ! And yet it is because the country and government must have a conscience, that the supporters of a church establishment struggle for its perpetuation. We once heard, with our own ears, an earl, still alive, give utterance to the most shocking blasphemies, accompanied with a perfect shower of oaths, any one of which would have subjected a poor man to the fine of a shilling, before the most ordinary bench of magistrates. We are sorry to add, that his lordship was then engaged as president in some private legal proceedings, without any peculiar cause of excitement ; and still more sorry are we to state further, that the late excellent Bishop Ryder was present in the same apartment, with two others ! But not a murmur was observed to rise, nor a single feature to frown. The impression of such scenes can never wear away. Occasional zeal on the part of our prelacy against chartism, socialism, and sabbath breaking, occasions us pain rather than pleasure. There is a hollowness within which always reminds us rather of hypocrisy than holiness and good works. Nor is it difficult to perceive, that as are the dignitaries, so will their subordinates be. Contagion in the head will descend naturally to the very heels. The bishop fulminates at the brothel or beershop, but spares the paramour of the prince or the peer. The prebendary palliates the delinquencies of deans and chapters, but scourges the smallest breach of the decalogue in his assize sermons. The rector has a rod of iron for poachers, fence-breakers, deer-stalkers, and sheep-stealers ; whilst for the transgressions of knights and gentlemen there is observed a generous silence. The curate takes his cue accordingly, and preaches with such prudent zeal, such discretion as well as energy, that every plebeian scandal receives full flagellation at the whipping-post of his oratory,—whilst he neither offends his diocesan, disgusts the squire, nor stands in the light of his future preferment. In one word, we may depend upon it, that wherever religion embraces the state, she imbibes the genius of the world, and betrays her own sovereign. It is the old story of endeavouring to serve two masters,—of blowing hot and cold with the same breath,—of pleasing God and choosing mammon,—of reconciling engagements, which in themselves are not merely opposed to each other, but in their very essence and nature are absolutely irreconcilable.

And now let us for the last time lift up our gaze to that divinely painted portrait which hangs upon the wall in the house of the Interpreter. Bunyan has graphically delineated the genuine minister of the gospel, and our own feeble pen has attempted to touch some of those various particulars in which the public

and private character of a pastorate are injuriously affected, through its connection with the civil government of our own country. Let our readers candidly look on this picture, and look on that. We have ourselves nothing either personally to lose, or personally to gain by the painful comparison. There can be but one description of feeling, we should suppose, about the matter. 'Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted,' said our Lord, 'shall be rooted up;' and it would seem manifest, that under the new dispensation, the evil complained of in these pages will fall within that category. Where then, we must inquire, is the adequate protest of protestantism against this unholy alliance, in this our noble island, the fairest field of christendom? Is the mischief a mere speculation, fraught with no practical results? Let the history of three centuries supply a pregnant answer to the query. Where is our adequate recollection of the atrocities of Henry and Elizabeth? We only omit the weak and sanguinary Mary, for the same reason that we go no further back than the reformation, simply that there may be no evasion of the interrogatory, through making mere popery responsible for more than it deserved. The true genius of persecution has sprung from the union of the church, or any section of it, with the world; from a profession of the gospel of peace being clothed with secular power and endowments by the state; from the covetousness and exclusiveness inseparable from such a misfortune, operating in connexion with the worst passions of fallen man. Where was the love of Christ when Cranmer burnt unitarians; his young sovereign summoning him, as it were, to the tribunal of the King of kings, by anticipation, for his error? Where was it, when the arch-bishops of the maiden queen oppressed the feeble commencement of puritanism? Where was it, when the acts of uniformity were passed; when the protestant St. Bartholomew's day, in 1662, consigned to poverty and prisons two thousand conscientious ministers; a noble 'cloud of witnesses,'—an army of confessors, whose names are written in heaven? Where was it, through the ignominious days of the last Stuarts; when to be a non-conformist, or a catholic, or aught beside professing the established faith, rendered the most blameless person an object of scorn and ridicule, a victim to be mocked at or insulted, an individual holding his religious freedom, or rather suffering his religious slavery at the law's mercy? Upon what principle were the Test and Corporation acts clung to,—as though the life and destinies of the land were wrapt up in their maintenance? And even now how much remains to be done on behalf of the LIBERTY OF THE MIND. The outward man of spiritual tyranny may have dwindled to a skeleton, but his inward heart remains unaltered. The victory is yet

to be won ! We still trust that the time can be at no great distance, when the trumpet of triumph will be blown over the successful issue of a struggle, which shall proclaim the Magna Charta of conscience, in all the plenitude of its rights and freedom, from pole to pole.

Art. III. *Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, author of 'Letters from the Mountains,' &c.*, edited by her son, J. P. Grant, Esq. 3 Vols. Longmans.

MRS. GRANT of Laggan, may be placed among the few most fortunate literary aspirants, who obtain, with scarcely any effort, both fame, and emolument. The exemplary wife of a Highland clergyman, the mother of a large family, and almost unceasingly engaged in household duties ; perhaps, no letter writer ever thought less of eventually appearing before the public, than did the author of 'Letters from the Mountains.' We are bound also to add, that as few writers, perhaps, ever received the praise, and the more substantial tokens of public favour, with greater humility than she did. But the case was, that Mrs. Grant stepped forward as a writer, at a period of great literary dearth. The writers of the last century had nearly closed their career ; those of the present day, with the exception of Wordsworth, were as yet unknown, and 'the reading world,' (very different some forty years ago, from what it is now,) reduced to the most miserable straights, what with mawkish poetry, and sentimental travels, seized upon the pleasant, simple, graphic 'Letters from the Mountains,' with a feeling greatly akin to that of a man who, long cheated with unsubstantial diet, at last finds somewhat on which he can make a meal.

The locality, too, which Mrs. Grant described, was at the time when these letters appeared comparatively unknown. Neither steamboat, nor railroad, had as yet familiarized the inhabitants of the south with the northern glens and mountains ; nor, although the taste for Ossian had not entirely gone by, had much attention been paid to the local customs, habits, or superstitions of the Highlanders. These letters, therefore, actually opened a new source of interest, a new scene, and a new people, not dwelling in far off lands, but in our very island ; and how pleasant this must have been to a public in search of novelty, the reader can easily imagine.

But, although this work, 'Letters from the Mountains,' was actually on its publication in 1806, 'the book of the season,' as

the writer with very excusable exultation, remarks, we cannot assign any high degree of literary eminence to Mrs. Grant. Her 'Memoirs of an American Lady,' which followed two years after, was deficient in the spirit, and simplicity which characterized her first work; while her last, the 'Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders,' was a failure, not because she was unacquainted with the general subject, but because she was unable to bring to it that deep and extensive learning, which such a subject demanded. Perhaps she felt this; for although her literary *debüt* had been so promising, she published nothing more except a small poem during the remainder of her life. In her taste for letter writing, however, Mrs. Grant still indulged, and the three volumes before us, comprise a selection of her correspondence between 1803 and 1838, at the close of which last year she died, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

From the high estimation in which this venerable lady was held, her circle of friends was very extensive, and she had opportunities of introduction to many of the leading characters of the day. This renders many portions of her letters interesting; although we have been frequently disappointed at finding a very faint sketch, instead of a finished portrait; or an elaborate eulogy, instead of a clear description. The wondering interest which Dr. Chalmers excited in a church, which until his time boasted of only such 'darkness visible' lights, as Blair, Fordyce, or Logan, is frequently alluded to in these letters. Here are two extracts.

'The wonder of the day, who engrosses all conversation, and excites all astonishment here, is Dr. Chalmers. You will see, in the Edinburgh newspapers, what a sensation was produced by his sermon preached before the Commissioner on Sunday: no one was disappointed, though expectation was raised as high as possible. There is one high distinction Dr. Chalmers possesses,—that is, making the genuine doctrine of the gospel respectable even in the eyes of worldly men, by the masculine energy and simple dignity of his style, which never stoops to blandishment or the meretricious embellishments of a studied and fashionable eloquence. Nor does he degrade the lofty theme entrusted to him by using phrases hackneyed and familiar in the mouths of those who diminish the force of truth by using the language profaned by ignorant enthusiasts. This preacher has no phraseology whatever; he uses the first words that occur: these are sometimes homely enough, but as he warms in his subject, his style rises with it, and varies from sublimity of the simplest and noblest kind to pathos irresistible, without weakness or verbiage; and all this with a manner far from elegant, an accent highly provincial, and a voice and countenance not by any means calculated to aid his elocution. He will, by the wonderful faculties entrusted to him, exalt and ennoble the style of gospel preaching, which in feebler hands has afforded scope to profane ridicule.

‘ Dr. Chalmers and lord Byron, are at present the two wonders of the age,—one for the exaltation, and the other for the perversion of those high gifts that bring man nearest to superior intelligences. The contrast is instructive. Dr. C., without birth, rank, polished manners, wealth or outward consequence,—by the sanctity of life and doctrine which hallows his high talents, is an object of high respect and veneration to those pre-eminent for learning, rank, and wit. Lord Byron, with powers of mind that dazzle and astonish,—with rank, learning, youth, distinguished personal graces, wealth and most elegant manners, is regarded with disapprobation by all right-thinking people.

‘ All the wits and philosophers of Edinburgh, when he attended the general assembly last week, bowed down to the power of his mighty genius, and heard from him, with reverence and admiration, truths which they would have sneered at from one less rich in the highest powers of intellect. He made a speech in the assembly against pluralities, which delighted and amazed all his hearers; even Jeffrey—the fastidious Jeffrey, though retained on the opposite side, owned that he never in his life heard such a torrent of luminous and powerful eloquence.—Vol. ii. pp. 137, 140.

Here is a picture of Joanna Baillie, but in this we think justice is scarcely done to the conversational talents of that celebrated dramatic writer. The peculiar character of the Edinburgh *soirées*, was, however, most unfavourable to easy conversation, and the pleasant, simple interchange of opinion.

‘ One of my hinderances in writing, besides the anxious state of my mind in looking forward to this journey, was the share that was offered to me in various parties made for Miss Joanna Baillie during her late visit to Edinburgh. Every one was so ambitious to have her, that my claim could not be heard, or was so far deferred that I could not stay to assert it; but she and her sister found means to pay me a long forenoon visit, when we had a good deal of quiet conversation. Mrs. Baillie (for so her elder sister chooses to be distinguished) people like in their hearts better than Mrs. Joanna, though they would not for the world say so, thinking that it would argue great want of taste not to prefer Melpomene. I for my part would greatly prefer the Muse to walk in a wood or sit in a bower with; but in that wearisome farce, a large party, Agnes acts her part much better. The seriousness, simplicity, and thoughtfulness of Joanna’s manners overawe you from talking common-place to her; and as for pretension or talking fine, you would as soon think of giving yourself airs before an apostle. She is mild and placid, but makes no effort either to please or to shine; she will neither dazzle nor be dazzled, yet, like others of the higher class of mind, is very indulgent in her opinions: what passes before her seems rather food for thought than mere amusement. In short, she is not merely a woman of talent, but of genius, which is a very different thing, and very unlike any other thing; which is the reason that I have taken so much pains to describe her. Joanna’s conversation is rather below her abilities, justifying Lord Gardenstone’s maxim, that true genius is ever modest and careless.

Agnes unconsciously talks above herself, merely from a wish to please, and a habit of living among her intellectual superiors. I should certainly have liked and respected Joanna, as a person singularly natural and genuine, though she had never written a tragedy. I am not at all sure that this is the case with most others.'—ib. pp. 258, 259.

Here is a short sketch of Mrs. Hemans :

'I had a charming guest before I left town to come here—no other than the very charming Mrs. Hemans, for whom I have long felt something very like affection. She had two fine boys with her, the objects, visibly, of very great tenderness, who seem equally attached to her. She is entirely feminine, and her language has a charm like that of her verse—the same ease and peculiar grace, with more vivacity. If affliction had not laid a heavy hand upon her she would be playful: she has not the slightest tinge of affectation, and is so refined, so gentle, that you must both love and respect her. She, and Southey, and your own dear self, are the only persons whom I previously drew pictures of, who have not disappointed me. This is very ancient enthusiasm, you may think; but some things will occur that bring back youthful feelings.'—vol. iii. p. 156.

In this amiable, but scarcely sufficiently discriminating manner, does the good old lady write, and thus, while these volumes must prove a very pleasing memorial to her old friends and correspondents, they will probably be found deficient in interest to a wider circle. It is gratifying, to mark the increasingly religious tone of her letters, as she approaches the termination of her career. Mrs. Grant, although, as we have remarked, singularly fortunate as a writer, was doomed to suffer the heavy affliction of losing her eldest son, and five grown up daughters, by lingering illness. These severe trials, produced 'the peaceable fruits of righteousness;' and we cannot better end this short notice than by transcribing the following excellent letter addressed to her eldest surviving friend, about a twelvemonth before her death.

'MY MUCH-LOVED COEVAL FRIEND.—Outliving, as you have done, so many dear ones allied to me by congenial taste and feeling, I need not tell you, who knew and loved them, of a still dearer number of the departed, who added to this congeniality the claim of natural affinity—plants of my hand, and children of my care, subjects of love and of grief unutterable. We have travelled through this long series of years, and now having both passed that period of which Dr. Watts says, in his version of the Psalms—

'If to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.'

what remains for us to do? Not to waste our enfeebled spirits in endeavouring to make that glass transparent through which St. Paul says we can see but dimly while here. Let us leave the future, in full confidence in the only ground of Christian hope—the merits and mediation of that blessed Redeemer, who declares that his mission here was not

to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance ; let us turn and look back on ' long time elapsed,' and see how our heavenly Father has supported us under dangers and temptations.

' Each of us was exposed to severe trials. I, to whom singular strength of constitution was given, for a purpose long since apparent to me and others, had to pass through the very hailstorm of adversity, while the pitiless tempest broke down, not only the gourd that sheltered me, but the branches of fair promise around me. Very dangerous temptations followed. Late in life others found out for me what I had never discovered myself—that I possessed some kind of intellectual talent. This discovery brought flattery that would have turned my head, and made me useless and ridiculous, had it come at an earlier period. You again, without buoyant fancy or great mental energy, were meek and gentle, and firm to resist temptation—that most dangerous of all temptations, unlooked-for prosperity. Surrounded and sheltered as you were by the Christian graces, you were still beloved by all. To whom *on earth* did we owe these advantages?—

'To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and still shall last,
Till time itself shall be no more !'

'This is the source and origin of all those precious blessings. That this coequal Trinity, whom you have ever diligently served, may bless you here and hereafter, is the prayer of your old and faithful friend,

ANNE GRANT.'—ib. pp. 309—311.

Art. IV. *The Poems and Ballads of Schiller.* Translated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., *With a Brief Sketch of Schiller's Life.* 2 vols. W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh.

NEARLY forty years have elapsed since the death of Germany's greatest lyric and tragic poet, Johann Christoph Friedrich Von Schiller, one of the few who may justly be called the 'regenerators' of the German classic literature. In the last century, when the literature of Germany—as yet behind that of Great Britain, France, or even Italy and Spain—instead of advancing, began to decline ; when Leibnitz, Euler, Wolf, and many others, like so many bright luminaries, had long since disappeared, the genius of German art and learning mournfully began to make room for that of Greece and Rome, and at a later period even for that of France. It was then that Haller, Gellert, Uz, Hagedorn, nay, even Gessner, Hirschfeldt, Rabener, and many others were compelled to make way for Corneille,

Racine, Molière, J. J. Rousseau, d'Alembert, Maupertius, or Voltaire, the Tamerlane of French literature, who, hurrying from one conquest to another, never became thoroughly acquainted with any of the provinces he had invaded. A dozen ideas of Bayle have, by this magician's witty pencil, been expanded into a hundred volumes. But he considered ideas in the same light, as his MSS., of which he very frequently altered the title only, and in this *improved* state condescendingly disposed of them to some German court, or to some 'Höfchen,' (*i. e.* courtlet,) for mere trifles, such as golden snuff-boxes set with diamonds, or some other kind of jewellery. A bookseller of Amsterdam, however, directing the public attention to this act of literary fraud, it was soon put a stop to.

The hatred of this man towards religion and the clergy was very striking, and very often not without personalities, which at last degenerated into frenzy. Most people therefore—those who considered him the 'lumen mundi' not excepted—were highly pleased with the witty epigram made upon the change of his original name, Arouet into Voltaire :

' Maria François Arouet
Fils d'un notaire du Chatelet,
Ce fondateur du plus enorme schisme,
Pour n'être pas un savant à rouer,
Se donne un nom du plus grande incivisme,
Par lequel non obstante il parait avouer
Que genie illusoire, inclinant à mal faire
Il raffine en escroi et s'entend à Vol-taire.'

Voltaire mistook *popery* for *christianity*, and every satire uttered on the most sacred things connected with christianity delighted this patriarch of irreligion, because in it he saw the fruit of the seed he had sown. Guibert, one of his disciples, after a residence of five days at Ferney, during which he had met with the most unexceptionable hospitality, without having seen his illustrious host, on departing, left the following lines :

' Je comptais en ces lieux voir le dieu du genie,
L'entendre, lui parler et m'instruire à tout-point,
Mais c'est comme Jesus en son Eucharistie,
On le mange, ou le boit et l'on ne le voit point !'

Voltaire, on beholding these lines, exclaimed in ecstasy :
' Ah adorable impie !'

His letters, witty as they are, can hardly be read without meeting with his blasphemous 'Ecrasez l'infâme !' or with his :
' Twelve individuals were necessary, in order to introduce christianity, but I will show that one will be sufficient to abolish it.'
Well might Young—on occasion of Voltaire's quoting Milton's

Paradise Lost, in order to divert a party of similarly minded persons, at the expense of all that is sacred—indignantly exclaim :

‘Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
Thou seemest a Milton, with his Death and Sin !’

This short digression is necessary in order to introduce to some of our readers the man who had the hardihood to assume the mastery over the German mind, and to whom even Prussia’s greatest king now was stooping. Then it was that Germany became overrun by the literary productions of France, that the German character, until now preserved in a state of pure morality, was threatened with corruption by French infidelity, that the German mind began to be poisoned with the attractive, but delusive and highly pernicious system of French philosophy ; and, finally, that German princes so far forgot themselves in the execution of their duties towards their subjects, as to become the patrons of foreign learning, whilst native art and talent

‘Went by monarchs slighted—
Went unhonoured, unrequited ; even alas !
From high Frederick’s throne.’

Whilst thus banished from the upper circles of society, the German muse found refuge among the lower and more unsophisticated classes. The appearance, therefore, at that time of Lessing, Kant, Winkelman, Mendelsohn, Gleim, Lichtenberg, Wieland, Garve, Engel, Herder, Voss, Thümmel, and a host of other highly talented men, the great representatives and advocates of German genius, but above all, of Schiller and Goethe, nearly the whole of whom, were declared enemies of French tinsel, was beneficial in the extreme, and greatly contributed to the advancement of true learning in Germany.

The effect produced by the endeavours of these great men upon the literary taste of the Germans, was immense. With what success their labours were crowned, will be obvious, when we consider the influence that literature has exercised within the last twenty-five years upon the intellect of Europe. Not only have Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller—a glorious triumvirate—been the great regenerators of German classical learning and literature, but they have exercised almost the same power over the ‘belles lettres’ of Europe, and of the whole civilized world. Our limited space will not permit us, even briefly, to notice the beauty of the German literature, or to enter upon a review of the illustrious life of Schiller ; nor do we intend to describe his character. To such of our readers, as are anxious to know more about this immortal ‘Teutonic’ bard, but more particularly to the

'student'—to use the talented translator's language—'desirous to gather noble and useful lessons of virtue and manly perseverance—of the necessity of continuance in self-cultivation—of the alliance between labour and success—between honesty and genius,' we heartily recommend the perusal of Schiller's Biography, as prefixed to Sir E. B. Lytton's translations; and though on the whole perhaps too short, it still possesses many great merits, in so far as it contains a goodly number of facts relating to the life of Schiller, and is decidedly among the best biographies of this poet. It now remains for us to take a glance at the nature and character of his writings, the reflection of his noble mind, a mind alive to the purest thoughts, and pregnant with the most intense love for moral beauty and truth, for intellectual freedom, and the rights of man.

Schiller was not only an eminent poet; he was among the most distinguished prose writers of his age. His prose writings chiefly consist in his historical lectures and researches, his philosophical essays, dissertations, criticisms, and fragments of novels, his dramatic sketches, correspondence with Goethe, Von Dalberg, Humboldt, Mayer, and other eminent men. To Schiller's poetical productions belong some of his finest dramatic pieces and tragedies, as also his imitations, translations, epigrams, riddles, and similar poetical trifles, but above all, his glorious collection of lyrics.

As an author, he is particularly distinguished for depth and sublimity of thought, power of diction and pathetic feeling. He alone possessed the secret how to enchant by means of the most profound, and the most poetical *philosophy*, that ever emanated from the mind of man. He is the only instance in the history of literature, where a man, endowed with a prosaic nature, has been known to arrive at the highest point of poetical perfection; and therefore it would be utterly vain to institute a comparison between him and any other poet, and most of all between him and his great countryman, the admirable Goethe, with whom many modern critics have thought proper to compare him.

Two more opposite natures, the history of literature cannot produce. In Schiller we find nothing but thought and mind, as the only materials at his command; in Goethe, on the contrary, we have nothing but materialism—the phenomena of external nature. The former gives expression to emotions and sentiments almost too high to be congenial to the heart of man; he clothes the most sublime images in the garb of dazzling beauty. His materials are derived from an invisible, better world, unknown to the general mass of mankind. He is an idealizing poet. Goethe, a matter-of-fact man, is the poet of nature—or rather—of

reality. Together these two illustrious men constitute the two extremes of all philosophy—idealism and realism.

Schiller is in every respect a hard and subtle thinker, but one whose nature it is, or has become, to think with inspiration, thus giving wing to his mighty and ponderous thoughts. The most electrifying and startling points in his manner of speculation, are his most unexpected inferences. We, as it were, see them come, we soar with his genius, we revel in a land of the most exquisite dreams and fancies. The reason why such poetry is intoxicating, is because by it the mind itself is drawn into activity, and becomes accessory to the result. This way of thinking is wholly unknown to the ordinary poet; the latter generally finds his materials already existing, and hence he discovers more than he invents. The power of thought, with him is not the main expedient; this with him consists in the power of his higher gifts or capacities collectively, viz., spirit, imagination, soul, combination, and the power of invention.

As a philosopher, Schiller belongs to the school of Kant, or to speak more distinctly, *he was the poet of critical philosophy*. Not only did it furnish him with materials and inspiration for his poetry, but in proportion as this system became familiar to him, his own mind proceeded to fashion and new model it. Philosophy, neither before nor since his time, assumed so magnificent, dignified, and yet so charming an appearance.

Having himself suffered mental slavery early in life, he turned with all his might against his oppressor, becoming the protector of that mental freedom, so essential for the development of mind. This intense love for spiritual emancipation he pathetically expresses in one of his early medical dissertations, in which he complains of the power assumed by the organs (i. e. the body) over the mind, upon which its functions not only depend, but by which they are very frequently generated. 'The Robbers,' a drama written against society, his 'Maid of Orleans,' as well as his 'Philosophical Letters,' &c., are written to the same effect, and most clearly prove his ardour for mental liberty. All the views of philosophy once passed before his *mind*, and from *him* into his poetical and other creations. But even when he had adopted the views of Kant,* and when he had mastered, or—if we may use the term—digested Kant's doctrine concerning morals and taste, then we see how strong

* The following epigram, made upon Kant by Schiller, in a few words describes the intellect of this great philosopher:—

KANT AND HIS COMMENTATORS.

'How many starvelings one rich man can nourish!
When monarchs build, the rubbish-carriers flourish!'

and powerful a thinker he is, and with how great caution he concedes nothing but what can be clearly proved or demonstrated. 'Such a nature,' a German admirably said, 'can only be based on the most extraordinary *intellectuality*!' As in Germany—and, alas, as is but too often the case in other countries—men of genius have almost always had to struggle before they could obtain the success due to their talent, Schiller in like manner had to meet with every disappointment before he reached that height of greatness, on which he afterwards so much distinguished himself. Peace and mind and comfort, sunbeams so necessary for the development and maturity of genius, and for the unfurling of its heavenly wings, at first were unknown to the true-hearted German; his genius developed itself under oppression and denials of every kind. The spirit of the fiery youth lay in fetters, and to break them was necessary. By nature made for action, and for the government of a world in a far different sphere of life, he assumed the mastery over literature, not because he felt its necessity, or as if driven to it from within, but because no more suitable field for action presented itself. It was therefore well said, that had 'Schiller not become a great poet, he would have had no alternative but of becoming a great man in public life. But the prison might then easily have been his unhappy, though honourable lot!'

Schiller's prose works, such as his 'Thirty Years' War,' the 'Abfall der Niederlande von Spanien,' and other historical writings; his philosophical essays, criticisms, and innumerable other highly interesting and important literary productions, are no less replete with the most perfect ideal beauty than they are with profound philosophical speculation; while in charm and grace of diction, they as yet have remained unrivalled. But what distinguishes this great poet even as a novelist, is his power of invention, and his inimitable talent of picturesque narrative. His 'Ghostseer,' though a fragment, is the most perfect specimen of the romantic style.

But excellent though all his other works undoubtedly are, the greatest admiration of Schiller's genius, is that which is produced by his lyrics, the noblest fruit of his mind, the most exquisite flower of lyric poetry in general. Almost every poem is a perfect gem, distinguished alike for invention, for beauty of pathos, for elegance of form, for depth of thought; but, above all, for the highest and purest morality. Many persons fancy they discover in these poems a deficiency of sentiment and a want of warmth. This, in our opinion, has no more foundation than the notions which some have regarding Schiller's talent for wit and humour. No poet is more remarkable for fervour and genuine feeling, which is sufficiently proved—if any proof

at all be necessary—by the enthusiasm with which his works are read by both old and young, at home and abroad. The philosophy which breathes in every line is wholly different from a mere cold reasoning; it is a philosophy of imagination. Every line of his poetry is the happy result of an inspiration, coupled with noble emotions and speculations. Cold reasoning and logical inferences, though arrayed in beautiful forms and poetical phrasology, neither can, nor ever will, touch the human heart, because not the fruit of the heart. Neither individuals, nor the multitude will be affected by it, but least and last of all—youth. At that stage of life, man is more apt to feel than to think; to act from impulse rather than from reflection; and unless his heart be appealed to, it will for ever remain cold and unmoved. Unless there be a sympathy between the poet and his reader, the effect of all his reasonings, beautiful though they be, will and must be feeble. What is it that causes the popularity of Uhland, of Shakespere, or of Burns? It is their heartiness, their generous emotions responded to by our own; their playfulness of mood, coupled with innocent or artless language, which make these men the poets and instructors of the people. It does not often happen that the productions of the same poet will please the old and the young, the male and the female sex. The generality of poets either please the one or the other; the true poetical genius, the *manly* poet alone is deemed worthy of becoming the instructor of nations,—of a world. The celebrated Goethe is read by the old, or at least by such as are far advanced in age, and chiefly by the more enlightened class of society; Schiller is read by the nation. Goethe seldom pleases the fair sex; Schiller is their admiration. Goethe, with the German youth, is anything but a favourite; Schiller is absolutely worshipped. And even in our own country how many young people are there who are more acquainted with Schiller, and even Jean Paul, (Richter) than with Goethe? So much for Schiller's want of warmth and sentiment! To such as are sceptical regarding his humour and wit, we recommend a careful perusal of 'Wallenstein's Lager,' i. e., 'Wallenstein's Camp,' or at least the eighth scene of this magnificent, though short dramatic poem, preceding his more elaborate works, entitled, 'The Piccolomini,' and, 'Wallenstein's Death,' both of which have been translated in a masterly style, by Coleridge. But his play of 'Turandot,' 'Der Parasit,' his 'Epigrams,' and, 'The Celebrated Woman: or, An Epistle by a married man to a fellow-sufferer,' the latter so happily translated in the collection before us, and which we here subjoin, will likewise shew, that Schiller was deficient in neither wit nor humour; but

on the contrary, that he possessed these gifts in a very high degree.

THE CELEBRATED WOMAN.

AN EPISTLE BY A MARRIED MAN, TO A FELLOW-SUFFERER.

CAN I, my friend, with thee condole ?—
 Can I conceive the woes that try men,
 When late repentance racks the soul
 Ensnared into the toils of Hymen ?
 Can I take part in such distress ?—
 Poor martyr,—most devoutly, 'Yes !'
 Thou weep'st because thy spouse has flown
 To arms preferred before thine own ;—
 A faithless wife,—I grant the curse,—
 And yet, my friend, it might be worse !
 Just hear another's tale of sorrow,
 And, in comparing, comfort borrow !

What ! dost thou think thyself undone,
 Because thy rights are shared with *One* !
 O, happy man—be more resigned
My wife belongs to all mankind !
 My wife—she's found abroad—at home ;
 But cross the Alps and she's at Rome ;
 Sail to the Baltic—there you'll find her ;
 Lounge on the Boulevards—kind and kinder :
 In short, you've only just to drop
 Where'er they sell the last new tale,
 And, bound and lettered in the shop,
 You'll find my lady up for sale !

* * * *

It galls you that you scarce are able
 To stake a florin at the table—
 Confront the pit, or join the walk,
 But straight all tongues begin to talk !
 O that such luck could me befall,
 Just to be talked about at all !
 Behold me dwindling in my nook,
 Edged at her left,—and not a look !
 A sort of rushlight of a life,
 Put out by that great orb—my wife !

Scarce is the morning grey—before
 Postman and porter crowd the door ;
 No premier has so dear a levée—
 She finds the mail-bag half its trade ;
 My God—the parcels are so heavy !
 And not a parcel carriage-paid !

But then—the truth must be confessed—
 They're all so charmingly addressed :
 Whate'er they cost, they well requite her—
 ' To Madame Blank, the Famous Writer !'
 Poor thing, she sleeps so soft ! and yet
 'Twere worth my life to spare her slumber ;
 ' Madam—from Jena—the Gazette—
 The Berlin Journal—the last number !'
 Sudden she wakes : those eyes of blue
 (Sweet eyes !) fall straight—on the Review !
 I by her side—all undetected,
 While those cursed columns are inspected ;
 Loud squall the children over head,
 Still she reads on, till all is read :
 At last she lays that darling by,
 And asks—' What makes the baby cry ?'

* * * * *

Now roll the coach-wheels to the muster—
 Now round my house her votaries cluster ;
 Spruce Abbé Millefleurs—Baron Herman—
 The English lord, who don't know German—
 But all uncommonly well read
 From matchless A to deathless Z !
 Sneaks in the corner, shy and small,
 A thing which men the husband call !
 While every fop with flattery fires her,
 Swears with what passion he admires her.—
 ' Passion !' ' admirer !' and still you're dumb ?'
 Lord bless your soul, the worst's to come :—
 I'm forced to bow, as I'm a sinner,—
 And hope—the rogue will stay to dinner !
 But, oh, at dinner !—there's the sting ;
 I see my cellar on the wing !
 You know if Burgundy is dear ?
 Mine once emerg'd three times a year !
 And now, to wash these learned throttles,
 In dozens disappear the bottles ;
 They well must drink who well do eat,
 (I've sunk a capital on meat.)
 Her immortality, I fear, a
 Death-blow will prove to my Medeira ;
 'T has given, alas ! a mortal shock
 To that old friend—my Steinberg Hock !*

And what my thanks for all ? a pout—
 Sour looks—deep sighs ; but what about ?
 About ! O, *that* I well divine—
 That such a pearl should fall to swine—

* The German name for this kind of Rhenish wine, is ' Nierensteiner.'

That such a literary ruby
Should grace the finger of a booby !

* * * * *

Well, then (O man, how light thy woes
Compared with mine—thou need'st must see !)
My wife, undaunted, greatly goes—
And leaves the orphans (seven !!!) to me !

O, wherefore art thou flown so soon,
Thou first fair year—love's honeymoon !
Ah, dream too exquisite for life !
Home's goddess—in the name of wife !
Reared by each grace—yet but to be
Man's household Angadomené !
With mind from which the sunbeams fall,
Rejoicing while pervading all ;
Frank in the temper pleased to please—
Soft in the feeling waked with ease.
So broke, as native of the skies,
The heart-enthraler on my eyes ;
So saw I, like a morn of May,
The playmate given to glad my way ;
With eyes that more than lips bespoke,
Eyes whence—sweet words—' I love thee !' broke !
So—Ah, what transports then were mine !
I led the bride before the shrine !
And saw the future years revealed,
Glassed on my hope—one blooming field !
More wide, and widening more, were given
The angel-gates disclosing heaven ;
Round us the lovely, mirthful troop
Of children came—yet still to me
The loveliest—merriest of the group
The happy mother seemed to be !
Mine, by the bonds that bind us more
Than all the oaths the priest before ;
Mine, by the concord of content,
When heart with heart is music-blent ;
When, as sweet sounds in unison,
Two lives harmonious melt in one !
When—sudden (O the villain !)—came
Upon the scene a mind profound !—
A bel-esprit, who whispered ' Fame,'
And shook my card-house to the ground.

What have I now instead of all
The Eden lost of hearth and hall ?
What comforts for the heaven bereft ?
What of the younger angels left ?

A sort of intellectual mule,
 Men's stubborn mind in woman's shape,
 Too hard to love, too frail to rule—
 A sage engrafted on an ape!
 To what she calls the realm of mind,
 She leaves that throne, *her sex*, to crawl,
 The cestus and the charm resigned—
 A public gaping-show to all!
 She blots from beauty's golden book*
 A name 'mid nature's choicest few,
 To gain the glory of a nook
 In Doctor Dunderhead's Review.'

Considering the excellencies and great beauties of Schiller's poetical productions, their smoothness, elegance, and brilliancy, the difficulty the translator has to encounter, must be great in proportion. A person capable of sympathizing with the poet, wholly able to appreciate and to enter with all his soul into the spirit of these poetical effusions, may perhaps be the only individual at all suitable for a task at once so tempting and yet so difficult and dangerous. The translator, comparatively speaking, may perhaps have nothing to lose by an attempt of this kind, but the author has much. That Sir E. B. Lytton, as the translator of the poems before us, has been successful to a great extent, is beyond a doubt.

In the short but well written life prefixed to the translations, it seems to us that Sir Edward has not made sufficient use of the many admirable biographies of Schiller lately published in Germany, nor does he seem at all to be acquainted with any of the criticisms on Schiller's works. For although Hofmeister, Schwab, Madame Von Wolzogen, and others, may be very excellent and trustworthy authorities, yet an acquaintance with such men as Körner (the father of the soldier-poet of this name), Menzel, but more particularly Laube and many others, would have proved highly advantageous in a critical point of view. Schiller's life, as written by Sir Edward, has many excellent points. To the common reader it affords the opportunity of obtaining a general insight into the life and character of this, perhaps the greatest poet of the nineteenth century, and since almost all the statements are based on facts, its value naturally becomes enhanced. But if the reader himself, it may be a critic, should happen to expect a critical review of the life and literary productions of Schiller, he will be disappointed, for except a few hints or remarks now and then thrown out, the whole is barren of criticism.

* The Golden Book.—So was entitled in some Italian States, (Venice especially) the catalogue in which the noble families were enrolled.

The attentive reader who is acquainted with the original, will easily perceive in some parts of these translations a certain want of animation and adroitness in the management of the subject. This, in our opinion, is owing to a want of self-denial on the part of the translator, who did not sufficiently amalgamate the spirit of the author with his own. In others again he will discover too great a license and an indomitable propensity towards paraphrasing, or what the translator calls 'free translation;' but the consequence of which 'free translation' very frequently is the destruction of the euphony and harmony perceptible in every line of the original. In translations a certain degree of freedom cannot fairly be denied; nay, it is even in many cases unavoidable, but that freedom must not degenerate into licentiousness, which not only is not allowable, but by which the finest original poem may become a mere caricature, instead of a faithful translation. Passages too 'freely' translated frequently occur in the 'Diver,' the 'Lay of the Bell,' the 'Fight with the Dragon,' 'Fridolin; or, the Message to the Forge,' the 'Sharing of the Earth,' and many others. But wherever the translator approaches most to his original, there he is the most successful; there we seldom meet with those forced constructions, inaccuracies in metre, and a certain roughness, which to the poetic ear sounds anything but musical. In consequence of the numerous compounds of the German language—the flexibility of its structure, the copiousness and energy of its roots, for which, like the Greek, it is eminent, less license may be taken with it than with other languages.

Yet though the faults of some of Sir Edward's translations are great, the sterling worth of others again, unquestionably, is far greater. Wherever the translator, as very frequently happens, is anxious to do justice to the genius of the original, he is admirable in the extreme, his performances are there truly masterly, both in language and in spirit! If in some of his 'free translations'—the forlorn offspring of his muse—he seems a mere poetaster, in the others on the contrary, he is truly grand, and a real poet. The Hon. — Talbot, Mr. Phillimore, and perhaps one or two more German scholars excepted, we do not know any individual who is more suited for such a task than Sir. E. B. Lytton, and only regret that the whole of Schiller's poems have not been translated by one who, it is evident, were he inclined, could do them justice.

The specimen which we have already given, as illustrative of what we have stated, prevents us from furnishing the reader with more examples of Schiller's genius. Those, therefore, who are willing to judge for themselves, how far our statements respect-

ing this master-mind are correct, and how far the translator's efforts are really deserving of the praise we have bestowed on them, are referred to the volumes themselves.

We have been very much pleased with Sir Edward's judicious inversion of the order of time. By placing Schiller's maturest poems first, and his youthful compositions last, in order to introduce this poet to the English public, the translator has displayed a great deal of taste and sound judgment, and by prefixing short notices to many of the greater poems, containing their origin, history, etc., their value has been considerably enhanced.

We now take leave of this subject, and in so doing, must express our gratitude for the pleasure which the perusal of these translations has afforded us. To adopt Sir E. B. Lytton's words, we constantly perceive in Schiller's poems, 'a great and forcible intellect ever appealing to the best feelings—ever exalting those whom it addresses—ever intent upon strengthening man in his struggles with his destiny, and uniting with a golden chain the outer world and the inner to the celestial throne.' We doubt not that any of our readers who follow our example, by perusing these poems, will be amply rewarded. The volumes are very tastefully got up, and will prove a valuable addition, as well as ornament, to the poetical libraries of our readers.

Art. V. *Excursions through the Slave States from Washington, on the Potomac, to the frontier of Mexico, with Sketches of Popular Manners and Geological Notices.* By G. W. Featherstonhaugh, F.R.S., F.G.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London: John Murray.

Mr. FEATHERSTONHAUGH's volumes relate to a portion of the American States very rarely visited by English travellers, and of which consequently little knowledge is possessed by the British public. The river Potomac, which empties itself into the bay of Chesapeake, divides the Atlantic frontier of the United States into two unequal parts, and constitutes, with the exception of Maryland, the boundary between the southern slave, and the northern free states. To the former of these divisions the present volumes relate; and it is necessary that this fact should be kept in mind in estimating the weight of our author's testimony, and pronouncing on the verdict he utters. Though not possessed of very high notions of American character and institu-

tions, it would be doing him gross injustice to give his statements a wider range of application than he obviously contemplates, or to charge him with pronouncing sentence on the whole republic when he reprobates the vices, or ridicules the vulgarity of individuals or of a district only. It is quite clear that though a resident in the states for thirty years, he has little—save his spirit of enterprize and patient endurance—in common with the Americans. He is much more of an Englishman, notwithstanding his long absence, than of an American. His habits both of thought and feeling are in accordance with the old country, whose monarchy, church, and class legislature he regards with veneration, and deems essential to the welfare of any people. Bearing in mind that he travelled over the frontier states of the Union, and describes the society which exists at its very outskirts, where civilization is of necessity least advanced, and the restraints of law and the salutary influences of public opinion are least felt, we are not surprised at his disclosures. Our own country will, in its measure, furnish a parallel. Between St. James's and St. Giles's the refinement of polished life as seen in London, and the coarseness approaching to semi-barbarism which prevails elsewhere, there is as great a contrast as exists between the high-minded and educated of the American people, and the lowest specimens of humanity which their border States supply. It is not long since that the colliers of Kingswood, and the wreckers of Cornwall, to say nothing of other similar classes, might successfully have competed, in all qualities indicating the absence of refinement and moral culture, with the backwoodsmen of America.

It is the more necessary to keep this fact in mind from the disposition recently induced amongst us, by the transactions of a few of the American states, to take the worst possible view of the character and resources of their republic. The early prejudices which prevailed in this country were giving way to a more friendly and honourable feeling, when the repudiation doctrines put forth by Pennsylvania and other members of the federal union have revived them with augmented strength, and given them a semblance of truthfulness with which it is difficult to cope. The tendency of this state of things is to induce a ready credence of everything discreditable to America, a willingness of belief to her disadvantage, an unconscious extension to her whole people of what is true of individuals only. Something of this kind is apparent in the volumes before us, notwithstanding the disclaimer of the *Introduction*, and their reader will be in danger of the same if not perpetually on his guard. It belongs to the Americans to wipe away the disgrace incurred by their recent proceedings. No other nation has so much interest

in their doing so as themselves. Their credit has been destroyed, their commercial good name is gone, and the consequences which must result to a people situated as they are, cannot easily be mistaken. We have yet sufficient confidence in their shrewdness and honesty to believe that they will set themselves right with their creditors, and in the meantime would caution our readers against the errors to which this false step of theirs may lead us. Let us condemn what is wrong, without losing sight of their better qualities and more honourable dealings.

The work before us has been in manuscript some years. In 1834-1835, Mr. Featherstonhaugh undertook a tour from Washington to the frontier of Mexico, the principal object of which was an examination of the geological phenomena of the country. From one of the unfrequented and wild parts of Arkansas, he communicated some account of these phenomena, and of the habits of the frontier settlers to a scientific friend in London, which led to an announcement by the late Mr. Murray, of a work similar to the present. Being however then a resident in the United States, Mr. Featherstonhaugh was earnestly dissuaded from publication by some of his American friends. To their counsel he assented, and when on his return to England in the spring of 1839, he was appointed one of the boundary commissioners, a further postponement became inevitable. Freed at length from that restraint, the author 'has again taken up his manuscript, and having well considered the incidents and sentiments contained in it, and finding nothing there that can be deemed objectionable by those who are only desirous to have the truth placed before them, he has at length resolved upon its publication; assuring his readers that it is a faithful and almost literal transcription from his original journals, the incidents of the tour having always been noted from day to day, and the journal having been regularly written up at least once a week.'

His tour commenced in July, 1834, and lay from Baltimore across the Alleghany range of mountains, where he visited the various Springs, of whose waters and visiters he has furnished an accurate and amusing account. His geological examinations of the countries through which he passed, were close and laborious, and the result as shewn in the volumes before us is highly praiseworthy and valuable. At the spas of Virginia things are carried on much the same as at our Harrowgates and Cheltenham, save that the refinement and delicate politeness of the latter are wanting. In proof of this our traveller shall describe his reception at the warm springs.

'Until it is determined that you do not go to the rival hotel, the zeal in your service is overwhelming; the landlord brings out his very best politeness, the waiters grin and bow, and the other harpies stand ready

to seize upon your luggage, with an apparent disinterestedness that would induce a novice to suppose that the fable of the Prodigal Son was acting over again. What an expenditure of fine feeling it would cost travellers upon observing how deeply interested and concerned about them everybody appears to be, if it were not for the rising doubt that their concern is as to how long you are going to stay, and how much money they are likely to get from you! Covered with dust, and impatient to get out of the stage-coach, we soon announced our intention to stay a few days. Having taken this important step, our luggage was instantly whipped out of sight; and supposing we were following it, we ascended some steps to the portico of a tolerably large hotel. On gaining this, it was a matter that excited our admiration to perceive how suddenly that anxious solitude, of which we had so lately been the objects, had assumed an abstract position. The landlord had made his bows, the waiters their grimaces, our names had been taken, *in limine in libro*, and being regularly bagged, we were left to provide for ourselves, not a soul coming near us. A fiddle was screaming in one of the rooms; and we found ourselves on the portico, in the midst of a number of queer-looking ladies, with and without tournures, corseted up in all sorts of ways, and their hair dressed in every possible form. The gentlemen, in greater numbers, were chewing, spitting, and smoking, with an ease that evinced their superiority, and all staring at us in the most determined manner. Nothing was more certain than that we were out of the woods, had got into fashionable society, and were now going to depend upon the tender mercies of landlords, landladies, and dirty, impudent, black waiters.'—Vol. i., pp. 26—28.

We cannot afford space for our author's sketches of the company with which he met, or of the habits which prevailed at this and the other springs which he visited. An amusing account is given of Colonel Fry, the landlord of the warm springs, and of Mr. Anderson, the manager of the white sulphur springs, each a *character* in his own way, and only to be found in such a community as the present state of American society constitutes. The following sketch of the dinner table at the latter place exhibits a scene which must have been sufficiently vexatious to an English visitor.

'But who can describe the noise, the confusion incident to a grand bolting operation conducted by three hundred American performers, and a hundred and fifty black slaves to help them? It seemed to me that almost every man at table considered himself at job-work against time, stuffing sausages and whatever else he could cram into his throat. But the dinner-scene presented a spectacle still more extraordinary than the breakfast. And, first, as to the cooking, which was after this mode. Bacon, venison, beef, and mutton, were all boiled together in the same vessel; then those pieces that were to represent roast meat were taken out and put into an oven for awhile; after which a sort of dirty gravy was poured from a huge pitcher indiscriminately upon roast and boiled. What with this strange banquet, and the clinking of knives

and forks, the rattling of plates, the confused running about of troops of dirty slaves, the numerous cries for this, that, and the other, the exclamations of the new comers, 'Oh, my gracious! I reckon I never did see sich a dirty table-cloth,' the nasty appearance of the incomprehensible dishes, the badness of the water brought from the creek where the clothes were washed, and the universal feculence of everything around, the scene was perfectly astounding. Twice I tried to dine there, but it was impossible. I could do nothing but stare, and before my wonder was over everything was gone, people and all, except a few slow eaters. I never could become reconciled to the universal filth, as some told me they had got to be, and my wife would literally have got nothing to eat if I had not given a *douceur* to the cook, and another to one of the black servants, to provide her every day a small dish of fried venison or mutton, for which we waited until it was placed before her; this, with very good bread—and it always was good—was her only resource. Much squeezed as we were first, there was a sensible relaxation and more elbow-room in a very few minutes, in consequence of the great numbers who had the talent of bolting their 'feed' in five minutes. A gentleman drew my attention to one of these quick feeders, who had been timed by himself and others, and who had been observed to bolt the most extraordinary quantities of angular pieces of bacon, beef, and mutton, in the short period of two minutes and a half. This was a strange, meagre, sallow-looking man, with black hair and white whiskers and beard, as if his jaws had done more work than his brains. All the bolters went at it just as quick feeders do in a kennel of hounds, helping themselves to a whole dish without ceremony, cutting off immense long morsels, and then presenting them with a dextrous turn of the tongue to the anxious *oesophagus*, would launch them down by the small end foremost, with all the confidence that an alligator swallows a young nigger, into that friendly asylum where roast and boiled, baked and stewed, pudding and pie, all that is good, and too often what is not very good, meet for all sorts of noble and ignoble purposes. These quick feeders, with scarce an exception, were gaunt, sallow, uncomely-looking persons, incapable of inspiring much interest out of their coffins, always excepting, however, the performer with the white whiskers, whose unrivalled talent in the present state of the drama, might, perhaps, be turned to great account in some of the enlightened capitals of Europe.'—*ib.*, pp. 76—78.

In his notice of Virginia—which by-the-bye is a favourite State with our author—references are of course made to its slave system, and to the slave traffic now carried on to an extent that threatens to rival the African trade itself. The terms employed respecting the former are far too slight and general. The system is condemned, but the persons sustaining it are suffered to go free; hopes of its ultimate extinction are expressed, whilst the only men who honestly contemplate this end, are censured as impracticable and visionary. The enormity of the evil is admitted, and strong terms are employed in its reprobation, but woe be to those who adopt the

only means which are likely to effect its destruction. Europe now rings with the horrors of the middle passage, and Mr. Featherstonhaugh shall describe one of the scenes he witnessed on the soil of republican America, as if in mockery of human profession, and in proof of the baseness to which our nature can stoop.

'Just as we reached New River, in the early grey of the morning, we came up with a singular spectacle, the most striking one of the kind I have ever witnessed. It was a camp of negro slave-drivers, just packing up to start; they had about three hundred slaves with them, who had bivouacked the preceding night in chains in the woods; these they were conducting to Natchez, upon the Mississippi River, to work upon the sugar plantations in Louisiana. It resembled one of those coffles of slaves spoken of by Mungo Park, except that they had a caravan of nine waggons and single-horse carriages, for the purpose of conducting the white people, and any of the blacks that should fall lame, to which they were now putting the horses to pursue their march. The female slaves were, some of them sitting on logs of wood, whilst others were standing, and a great many little black children were warming themselves at the fires of the bivouac. In front of them all, and prepared for the march, stood, in double files, about two hundred male slaves, *manacled and chained to each other*. I had never seen so revolting a sight before! Black men in fetters, torn from the lands where they were born, from the ties they had formed, and from the comparatively easy condition which agricultural labour affords, and driven by white men, with liberty and equality in their mouths, to a distant and unhealthy country, to perish in the sugar-mills of Louisiana, where the duration of life for a sugar-mill slave does not exceed seven years! To make this spectacle still more disgusting and hideous, some of the principal white slave-drivers, who were tolerably well dressed, and had broad-brimmed white hats on, *with black crape round them*, were standing near, laughing and smoking cigars.

'It was an interesting, but a melancholy spectacle, to see them effect the passage of the river; first, a man on horseback selected a shallow place in the ford for the male slaves; then followed a waggon and four horses, attended by another man or horseback. The other waggons contained the children and some that were lame, whilst the scows, or flat boats, crossed the women and some of the people belonging to the caravan. There was much method and vigilance observed, for this was one of the situations where the gangs—always watchful to obtain their liberty—often show a disposition to mutiny, knowing that if one or two of them could wrench their manacles off, they could soon free the rest, and either disperse themselves or overpower and slay their sordid keepers, and fly to the Free States. The slave-drivers, aware of this disposition in the unfortunate negroes, endeavour to mitigate their discontent by feeding them well on the march, and by encouraging them to sing, 'Old Virginia never tire,' to the banjo.'—*ib.*, pp. 119—123.

Our traveller's introduction to the American president will surprise such of our readers as associate the idea of chief magis-

tracy with great state and general seclusion. It occurred in Tennessee, and involved a violation of all the proprieties of court etiquette; and, on the part of the President, an acknowledgment which few of his brethren probably would make, however conscious they might be of its truthfulness. Mr. Featherstonhaugh's account of the interview is as follows:—

‘As we drove up to the door of the tavern, I saw General Jackson, the venerable President of the United States, seated at a window smoking his long pipe, and went to pay my respects to him, apologising for my dirty appearance, which I told him I had very honestly come by in hammering the rocks of his own State. He laughed and shook hands cordially with me; and learning that my son was with me, requested me to bring him in and present him. My son, who had been scampering about the country all the time we were in Knoxville, was in a worse pickle than myself, and felt quite ashamed to be presented to so eminent a person; but the old General very kindly took him by the hand, and said, ‘My young friend, don’t be ashamed of this: if you were a politician, you would have dirty work upon your hands you could not so easily get rid of.’ We had a very agreeable chat with the old gentleman; he was in fine spirits; and we left his cheerful conversation with great reluctance, amidst the kindest expression of his wishes for our welfare, and an injunction to call upon him at Washington as soon as we returned. The President was then on his way to the seat of government.—ib. pp. 164, 165.

Arriving at Nashville, our author sought the acquaintance of Professor Troost, a great enthusiast in geology, a man of strong intellect, and obliging manners, whose habits are somewhat eccentric, as may be gathered from the following:—

‘Everything of the serpent kind he has a particular fancy for, and has always a number of them—that he has tamed—in his pockets or under his waistcoat. To loll back in his rocking chair, to talk about geology, and pat the head of a large snake, when twining itself about his neck, is to him supreme felicity. Every year in the vacation he makes an excursion to the hills, and I was told that, upon one of these occasions, being taken up by the stage-coach which had several members of Congress in it going to Washington, the learned Doctor took his seat on the top with a large basket, the lid of which was not over and above well secured. Near to this basket sat a Baptist preacher on his way to a great public immersion. His reverence, awakening from a reverie he had fallen into, beheld to his unutterable horror two rattlesnakes raise their fearful heads out of the basket, and immediately precipitated himself upon the driver, who, almost knocked off his seat, no sooner became apprised of the character of his ophidian outside passengers than he jumped upon the ground with the reins in his hands, and was followed instantaneously by the preacher. The ‘insides,’ as soon as they learned what was going on, immediately became outsides, and nobody was left but the Doctor and his rattlesnakes on the top. But the Doctor, not entering into the general alarm, quietly placed

his greatcoat over the basket, and tied it down with his handkerchief, which, when he had done, he said, 'Gendlemen, only don't let dese poor dings pite you, and dey won't hoort you.'—ib. pp. 194, 195.

Mr. Featherstonhaugh's notions on religion and religious parties, are crude and superficial. He is evidently out of his line when adverting to these topics. They are not to his mind, have not laid hold of him with sufficient force to induce a serious consideration of their claims,—an analysis close, consecutive and impartial, of their character and pretensions. He is much more at home in geologizing, and his opinions on its phenomena and laws are, in consequence, more sagacious and trustworthy. Here he examines and thinks for himself, and the result of his cogitations is at all times entitled to respectful consideration. In the other case we cannot say so much. His judgments are hastily formed on a very partial view of facts, and frequently evince the grossest ignorance of some of the most obvious lessons of history. We wish, indeed, that he had said nothing on such matters, as he is evidently unfitted for their discussion, and has no deep sense of their importance. His general views may be learnt from the following passage, in which he congratulates the episcopal church on its freedom from the fluctuations to which other bodies are subjected.

'The Episcopal, or English Church as it is often called, appears, although it has no connexion with the government, to be the only steady church in the United States, keeping up an impregnable respectability by adhering to the Liturgy and to written sermons; a salutary practice that has hitherto rendered it the hope and asylum of all educated people in that country; but the dissenting churches, on the other hand, seem to be rather at sixes and sevens, and although many of them are temporarily popular, and filled to repletion by occasional favourite preachers, yet they are as prone to empty themselves again, upon the manifestation of any innovation in their doctrine or manners. The slightest deviation of opinion or sanctity on the part of a favourite preacher is sure to raise up a party of pious censors, and thus cliques are formed in a congregation, upon the principle that it is quite wrong not to hate people with a perfect hatred that will not be of your opinion, and quite right to take sides against them who permit themselves to be found out. Then comes the natural operation of the voluntary principle, the breaking up of a congregation, and the formation of a new sect.

'I have heard this very common fermentatory process much commended, as one which, by creating numerous sects, secures the United States from the preponderance of any one: a kind of logic which perhaps will not convince everybody, since it is not yet quite so clear that the possession of a great many things of doubtful and fluctuating importance is better than that of one whose excellence and integrity has for so long a period protected it from serious schisms. Experience seems to teach, that to become reasonable in this life, man is as much in want of a little steady

spiritual influence to guide his moral way, as of legal authority to restrain his physical actions ; and time will show whether this is not as applicable to the United States as to the mother country, which owes so much of its moral position to the union of Church and State.'—ib. p. 213.

Now on this passage it is obvious to remark that the question of episcopacy and of set forms of prayer, is entirely distinct from that of ecclesiastical establishments, and must not, by any means be confounded with it. Were we therefore to admit that there were preponderating advantages attendant on this order of priesthood and form of worship, we should be as far as ever from foregoing our voluntaryism, or from being prepared to admit the interference of the secular power in the appointment of ecclesiastical officers, and the regulation of christian worship. We should still maintain that the church was a spiritual body, complete in itself, and fully competent to the management of its own affairs, and should consequently stop far short of the point to which writers, like Mr. Featherstonhaugh, would lead us. But we admit no such thing. On the contrary, we believe that a large balance of evil lies against the things supposed. Some advantages unquestionably there are, on the side of episcopacy, and forms of prayer, but these are more than counter-balanced by the evils engendered. They may restrain the excesses, and guard against the ignorance or vulgarity which occasionally disport themselves in the house of God ; but, on the other hand, they stimulate the ambition of the clergy, and spread amongst the people a spirit of formalism destructive of genuine piety. The historical argument on this point, is in our judgment, conclusive, whether regard be had to ancient or modern times, to catholic or protestant experience. By this decision we must abide, until other, and far more weighty evidence than has yet been adduced, be brought forward.

The passage on which we are remarking, is a caricature not a likeness, the invective of a polemic, rather than the accurate drawing of an impartial observer. Not only is this seen in the dark colours in which dissenting churches are painted, but in the gross delusion practised on the writer's mind respecting the history of his own church. That there is an appearance of staidness and gravity, of freedom from violent changes, and of continued adherence to a settled form of religious truth, in the established church, we admit ; nay more, it could not well be otherwise, considering the constitution of that church, and the mode of its government. But this appearance is outward and superficial only, attaching to the forms, and not to the spirit, to the verbiage, and not to the principles of its members. Amongst these the utmost diversities of opinion have prevailed, from the highest supralapsarianism to the lowest type of unita-

rianism. All have been confounded in one general mass, have ministered at her altars, partaken of her emoluments, shared in her fellowship, under the thin disguise—in some cases hypocritical, in all ineffective—of approving her ritual, or of having signed her articles. To such an extent is this the case, and so inevitable is such a result, under the constitution of the hierarchy, that the highest authorities in the church have declared her articles to be articles of peace and not of faith, a declaration of attachment to her communion not of concurrence in her doctrines, a profession of the truth in a form wearing the semblance and involving the very spirit of a lie. But we must return to our author, who is never so out of his sphere as when discoursing on a subject with which he is obviously so slightly acquainted.

Arriving at St. Louis, in Missouri, he was directed to a tavern, the inmates of which afforded ample evidence of his distance from the seat of government. The bar-room 'was filled with vagabond idle looking fellows, drinking, smoking, and swearing, in *American*; everything looked as if we had reached the terminus of civilization, it seemed to be next door to the Rocky Mountains, and only one stage from where we should find nature in a perfect undress, and in the habit of eating her dinner without a knife and fork.' Here he again met with a notorious swindler, who endeavoured to pass himself off as Colonel Smith, of the British army, in connection with whom we are informed of a singular device resorted to in the Southern States as a means of obtaining money.

'It seems that amongst other modes of getting a livelihood in the Southern States, that of 'running negroes' is practised by a class of fellows who are united in a fraternity for the purpose of carrying on the business, and for protecting each other in time of danger. If one of them falls under the notice of the law and is committed to take his trial, some of the fraternity benevolently contrive, 'somehow or other,' to get upon the jury, or kindly become his bail. To 'run a negro' it is necessary to have a good understanding with an intelligent male slave on some plantation, and if he is a mechanic he is always the more valuable. At a time agreed upon the slave runs away from his master's premises and joins the man who has instigated him to do it; they then proceed to some quarter where they are not known, and the negro is sold for seven or eight hundred dollars, or more, to a new master. A few days after the money has been paid, he runs away again, and is sold a second time, and as oft as the trick can be played with any hope of safety. The negro who does the harlequinade part of the manœuvre has an agreement with his friend, in virtue of which he supposes he is to receive part of the money; but the poor devil in the end is sure to be cheated, and when he becomes dangerous to the fraternity is, as I have been well assured, first cajoled and put off his guard, and then, on crossing some

river or reaching a secret place, shot before he suspects their intention, or otherwise made away with.

'A small planter who happened to be at the White Sulphur this season, and who had the year before purchased a valuable slave that had escaped a few days afterwards, advertised him very minutely in the newspapers; and it happened very oddly that another planter had at the same time advertised a slave with the same description, but with a different name. This led to an interview betwixt the two planters, and upon comparing notes they found they had each been defrauded by the same identical white man and his pretended slave. All their efforts, however, to discover this person had hitherto been in vain, when one evening the planter who was at the White Sulphur, going with a friend to the gambling-house, suddenly asked a person there who that man was *with the golden chain on his breast*; he was told it was 'Colonel Smith, of the British army, who had served at Waterloo.' Now the planter, although he had not served at Waterloo, thought he had a pretty distinct recollection of the Colonel's having sold him the 'runaway negur,' and kept his eye constantly fixed upon him, a circumstance which sooner or later could not fail to attract the attention of the Colonel, whose eyes were in the habit of keeping a pretty sharp look-out; and not liking to be stared at, he walked out and was followed by the planter and his friend. The night was dark, the Colonel had friends on the spot, who, like himself, were prepared to 'hop the twig,' and in half an hour was seated in a gig and wending his way through the woods to Lewisburgh. In the morning the story was abroad, the Colonel was said to be gone to the Red Sulphur, and thither the planter followed him, swearing he never would return home until he caught him.'—ib. pp. 255—257.

The population of St. Louis is a strange compound of Spanish, French, American, and German. The catholic religion yet preponderates, 'but this,' remarks our author, in a style sufficiently denotive of his feeling, 'will not last long, for the presbyterians are running up their Ebenezers very rapidly.'

As St. Louis formed the terminus of coach travelling, and Mr. Featherstonhaugh designed to proceed to the frontier of Mexico, it was necessary that he should provide himself with some other conveyance. He therefore purchased a small waggon, called in the *patois* of the country, a Dearborn, and a young horse of the name of Missouri. 'It gave us,' he remarks, 'great pleasure to think we should be quite independent with this little equipage; should have no smoking and spitting passengers, no cursing and swearing drivers, and nobody to care about but ourselves and Missouri, whose beautiful gray skin, arched neck, full eye, and ample tail, attracted great attention.'

Stopping at Frederictown, the ancient St. Michel of the French, our travellers put up at a tavern kept by a German, named Hethner, who was at the time under bail for having killed a drunken Frenchman, in defending himself from a murderous assault. The legal functionaries of this remote State

would greatly perplex the pleaders of Westminster Hall, and furnish—if our author's account of one of them, be a fair sample of the class—no very favourable views of American jurisprudence. Referring to the death of the Frenchman, he says:—

'This tragical incident had occasioned a feud in the place not very favourable to the poor German's hopes, a strong party having been formed exceedingly hostile to him; for a majority of the inhabitants being of French origin had taken up the affair warmly, and being a foreigner he had not as many friends as a native American would have had. Nevertheless he was not without them; some of the most respectable people were determined he should have fair play, and the magistrate who had admitted him to bail was at the head of them. A person we became acquainted with, gave us an amusing account of this worthy personage, who had been 'raised' on the frontier settlements of Kentucky, and elevated to the dignity of judge of the county court here, not because he had ever studied law, or any other art or science, but because he was a thorough going party-man. The judge was a straightforward, fearless person, and having emigrated into the State of Missouri in consequence of a ruinous lawsuit, had brought with him an utter detestation of lawyers. It happened that the friends of the deceased Frenchman had engaged the services of a conceited, talkative, satirical limb of the law, who also had come here to make his fortune, and betwixt this man, and his honour the judge, a grudge had arisen upon the following occasion.

'Amongst the functions his honour was charged with, was the duty of taking acknowledgments of deeds; and soon after his elevation to the bench the attorney waited upon him accompanied by a female, and presenting him with a long conveyance, told him he was 'to examine her secretly and apart,' whether she had signed the deed by compulsion, and was to certify the affidavit immediately, as they wanted to use the deed in half an hour. As he had never exercised this function before, and had no very clear notion of what sort of examination she was to undergo, and above all not liking either the man or his manner, he told him to leave the paper, and that he would look it over and see what he could do. To this the attorney testily replied, 'you have no business to look at the paper at all, your business is only with the affidavit.' A little nettled at this want of reverence, the judge as sharply rejoined, 'I calculate you must take me for a most almighty fool to suppose that I'm a mind to swar to what's in that ar paper before I've read a word in it, and I ain't a-going to do no sich thing for no lawyers on the universal arth, I tell you.' It was in vain his honour was told that he was not the person that was to swear to the affidavit; he would not listen to the attorney, and the lady inclining to the judge's opinion, and expressing a wish that he would read the paper, the attorney was outvoted and had to submit, taking his revenge however afterwards by ridiculing the judge upon all occasions. At the period when this homicide took place, his honour had received so many affronts from the attorney that a 'rumpus' was expected betwixt them every time they met.

'When Hethner was brought before the judge, a violent altercation

arose betwixt him and the attorney on the propriety of admitting the accused to bail. Authorities were quoted, statutes were produced, and the bench was emphatically told that he 'could not by law admit him to bail, and that no man that was the very beginning of a lawyer would say he could.' To all this his honour replied, 'the court knows well enough what it's abaywt, it ain't a-going to do no sich thing as read all them law books by no manner of means, and it's no use to carry on so, for the court decides all the pynts agin you.' Having delivered the opinion of the bench with great firmness, his honour now took to a remarkable personal peculiarity he had, which was to gather his lips together when he had made a speech, and suck the air in with great vehemence. No sooner, therefore, was the decision promulgated than the attorney sarcastically observed: 'Some folks get their laws from books, and some folks I calculate must suck it in.' This sally having produced a universal titter, his honour immediately arose to vindicate the dignity of the bench, and addressed the following eloquent rebuke to the offending barrister:—'Suck or no suck, I swar I ain't a-going to be bully-ragged by no sich talking Juniuses as you, a sniggering varmint that's the non compus mentus of all human abhorrence, and that's parfictly intosticated with his own imperance—that's the court's candid opinion—if it ain't, I wish the court may be eternally ——.'—*Ib.* 327—330.

The inhabitants of this rude and uncultivated district partake of the character of their locality. They have relinquished all the comforts, as well as the refinement of more civilized life, and content themselves with the simplest and most necessary elements of subsistence. Many of their huts are wretched in the extreme, and the habits of the inmates go to prove how rapidly the human being may degenerate. The following brief extract affords but an imperfect view of their state.

'All these settlers are, in fact, drawn from the poorest classes of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Louisiana. Where they are agriculturalists they are hard working enterprising men, always busy, fencing, ploughing, chopping timber, setting traps for the wolves, hunting the panthers that destroy their calves and swine, and are continually occupied without a moment's relaxation. With them the ceremony of eating is an affair of a few moments; the grand object is to fill the stomach as quick as possible with the usual food; this, from long habit, they prefer to anything else, and the women having got into a daily routine without any motive for changing it in the slightest degree, and, indeed, without even suspecting that it would be agreeable to anybody to do so, go on preparing the same disgusting coffee, pork, bread and butter, three times a day, as long as they live.

'If the settler is merely a hunter and a squatter, you find a poor cabin and no farm, a cow perhaps that comes in from the woods once every two or three days to get a little salt, and that then only gives a teacupful of milk. But in most cases when you arrive, the owner of the mansion is not at home, and in his place you find six or seven ragged wild-looking imps, and a skinny, burnt up, dirty female, who tells you

that he 'is gone to help a neighbour to hunt up an old painter that's been arter all the pigs; he ain't been hum in a week, and I reckon he's stopt somewhar to help to *shuck* corn (the stripping the maize from the husk when it is ripe): we han't not nothing in the house but a little corn that I pounds as I uses it, and a couple of racoons jist to sarve us till he gets back.' The corn they consume is paid for in deer skins, and the heavier debts of the squatter he literally liquidates with bear's oil. If he has to negociate the purchase of a horse to the amount of 50 dollars, the items of the appropriation are as follows:—On or before Christmas he is 'to turn in' 15 gallons of *bar* (bear) oil, the current value of which is one dollar per gallon; twelve deer-skins at 75 cents each; then he is to go with 'a negur' to Big Swamp to help to 'hunt up' some young horses that were taken there six months ago to pasture, and is to have a dollar a day for that service; and as to the rest he 'is to git along with it somehaw or other.'

The region through which the route of the travellers now lay, was wild and desolate; the inhabitants very few, and scattered; and the accidents to which the journey was subjected, such as taxed to the utmost their patience and firmness. What would our summer tourists who complain of the inconveniences of railways and steam-boats, say to the following?—

'Jogging along we came to a rather deep and dry bayou, with a very steep descent down into it, and this part of the business we achieved exceedingly well with both of us in the waggon; but Missouri being rather too confident, made a dash to get up the opposite bank, and my son, who had the reins, aiding him lustily with the whip to get out of the bayou, the horse, just at the edge of the bank, made a desperate effort, and successfully carried my son, the shafts, and the front wheels for some short distance on our route; as to myself, I philosophically took the part of the hind wheels, which, released from all restraint, incontinently retreated back again with me to the bottom of the bayou. It would have amused a third person to have observed us when we met again, looking at each other upon the occasion of so melancholy a dismemberment of the machine that we so much depended upon. But our discomfiture was so palpable that no room was left for doubt or hesitation, and we came instantly to the conclusion that all other business must give place to waggon-mending; so setting resolutely to work, we dragged the hind wheels up the bank, cut some stout stuff to splice our shafts, that were broken clean from the axle-tree, and making use of the ropes that we had happily furnished ourselves with, in about three hours we got under way, though in such a crippled state, that we were now obliged to walk, a punishment too light for having been so inconsiderate as to sit in the waggon whilst the horse was drawing it out of the bayou. Luckily the fore and hind wheels kept upon tolerably good terms during the rest of the day, except occasionally when we were going down hill.'—Vol. ii. pp. 4, 5.

Bears, wolves, and buffaloes abounded throughout the district, and some singular adventures with these unwelcome

visitors are recorded. Mr. Featherstonhaugh also confirms the account furnished by other travellers, of the immense flocks of wild pigeons which occasionally darken the sky, and produce a rushing sound like the fall of many waters.

'A new and very interesting spectacle now presented itself, in the incredible quantities of wild pigeons that were abroad; flocks of them many miles long came across the country, one flight succeeding to another, obscuring the daylight, and in their swift motion creating a wind, and producing a rushing and startling sound, that cataracts of the first class might be proud of. These flights of wild pigeons constitute one of the most remarkable phenomena of the western country. I remember once, when amongst the Indians, seeing the woods loaded from top to bottom with their nests for a great number of miles, the heaviest branches of the trees broken and fallen to the ground, which was strewed with young birds dead and alive, that the Indians in great numbers were picking up to carry away with their horses: many of their dogs were said to have gone mad with feeding upon their putrified remains. A forest thus loaded and half-destroyed with these birds, presents an extraordinary spectacle which cannot be rivalled; but when such myriads of timid birds as the wild pigeon are on the wing, often wheeling and performing evolutions almost as complicated as pyrotechnic movements, and creating whirlwinds as they move, they present an image of the most fearful power. Our horse, Missouri, at such times, has been so cowed by them, that he would stand still and tremble in his harness, whilst we ourselves were glad when their flight was directed from us.'—*ib.* pp. 11, 12.

The travellers were generally supposed to be pedlars, the hinder part of their vehicle being occupied by a large basket containing their cooking and other utensils. 'What goods have ye got to sell?' was the inquiry with which they were invariably met; and when assured that they had none, the wonder of the people was expressed in the interrogatory.—'Why what onder arth are you, if you ain't pedlars?' A scientific object was, of course, beyond their understanding, and if explained would scarcely have failed to be regarded as visionary and absurd. The clock pedlar is the most frequent and regular visitor of these districts; and an amusing account is given of the manner in which they carry on their trade. Our author remarks:—

'As to the Yankee clock pedlars, they are everywhere, and have contrived, by an assurance and perseverance that have been unrivalled from the Maccabees down, to stick up a clock in every cabin in the western country. Wherever we have been, in Kentucky, in Indiana, in Illinois, in Missouri, and here in every dell of Arkansas, and in cabins where there was not a chair to sit on, there was sure to be a Connecticut clock. The clock-pedlar is an irresistible person; he enters a log cabin, gets

familiarly acquainted with its inmates in the shortest imaginable time, and then comes on business.

' 'I *guess* I shall have to sell you a clock before I go.'

' 'I *expect* a clock's of no use here ; besides, I ha'nt got no money to pay for one.'

' 'Oh, a clock's fine company here in the woods ; why you couldn't live without one after you'd had one awhile, and you can pay for it some other time.'

' 'I *calculate* you'll find I ain't a going to take one.'

'The wife must now be acted upon.'

' 'Well, mistress, your husband won't take a clock, it is most a surprising : he'd hadn't ought to let *you* go without one. Why, every one of your neighbours is a going to git one. I suppose, however, you've no objection to my nailing one up here, till I come back in a month or so. I am sure you'll take care of it, and I shall charge you nothing for the use of it at any rate.'

'No reasonable objection, of course, can be made to this. It is nailed up ; he instructs her how to keep it in order, and takes leave. But what can equal their delight, when, with a bright, clear sound, it strikes the hours ! 'Well,' they exclaim, 'if that don't beat all ! Sartin, it is most delightful, curious company !' The wife now teaches her husband to wind up the clock, and great care is taken of it, as it is a deposit, and must be restored in as good condition as it was received. Too soon, Jonathan, the wily tempter, returns, talks of taking the clock down : 'it was the best clock he ever had, they are such nice people he almost wishes it was theirs.' Such a friendly and disinterested proceeding throws down all the icy barriers that prudence had raised between them and the shrewd Yankee. Before morning the wife gets the husband's consent, and the clock becomes theirs for the mere formality of his giving a note, payable in six months, for some eighteen or twenty dollars, and then

' 'If the clock shouldn't go well he can change it for another, to be sure he can ; ha'ant he got to come that way in the spring ?'

' 'He comes sure enough to dun the poor creatures, bringing one clock along with him ; and as all the clocks have stopped, as a matter of course, either because they were good for nothing, or because they have wound them up too often, he changes the clock at every place he stops, cobbling them up in succession as they come into his hands, and favouring every one of his customers with the bad clock of his neighbour. The dénouement is not a very pleasant one ; long after the clocks have ceased to strike, the constables come and wind up the whole concern, and mistress pays too often with her cows for the inconsiderate use of her conjugal influence.'—ib. pp. 27, 29.

We could readily extend our quotations, but the claims of other works impose restraints which must be respected. We therefore refrain from accompanying the travellers to Texas, whence they returned to Little Rock, and thence proceeded to New Orleans and Mobile by steam. From this latter place they traversed the States lying on the Atlantic, arriving

at length in safety at Richmond in Virginia. The second volume is occupied with details revolting to every humane mind, and descriptive of a state of society to which we hope few parallels can be found. It must, however, be borne in mind, as we have already intimated, that Mr. Featherstonhaugh's route lay through the worst parts of the States, the very sink of poverty and crime; the outskirts of civilization, to which the ruined spendthrift, the unprincipled bankrupt, the reckless gambler, and a variety of other equally abandoned classes resort as their only place of safety. Driven from other parts of the republic they congregate at the points touched by our traveller, and his descriptions therefore must not be taken for a portraiture of American character or society generally. It is a dark picture which he sketches, somewhat shaded it may be by the prejudices of his class and nation, but entitled in the main to confidence. He writes in an easy flowing style, like one who looks at manners rather than at men, and pictures the grotesque, ridiculous, or criminal in the habits of a people, rather than philosophizes on their institutions, or resolves their character into its constituent elements. We have read his volumes with painful interest, and commend them to the early perusal of our friends.

Art. VI. *History of Ireland and the Irish People, under the Government of England.* By S. Smiles, M.D. London: Strange.

DOCTOR SMILES deserves our commendation for having compiled a faithful and generally correct account of the history of Ireland from the period of its first connexion with England. The general features of the government of that country are successfully portrayed; indeed, they have varied but slightly in the course of centuries, and no one can read this volume without being somewhat wearied and perplexed by the family likeness of successive Irish administrations. Seven hundred years of miserable uniformity, of coercion on one side, and discontent on the other; the former varying from sanguinary tyranny through all the phases of oppression down to simple exclusiveness; and the latter exhibiting corresponding vicissitudes from desperate rebellion to constitutional resistance—present a historical problem without a parallel, and yet a problem admitting of easy solution.

The chief error into which English writers on Irish history

have fallen, and which Dr. Smiles has not wholly escaped, is, that they ascribe the first connexion between England and Ireland to conquest; but in fact it originated in a compact between Henry the Second, Pope Adrian the Fourth, and the Irish prelates their cotemporaries. Some interest attaches to a treaty framed by such parties for settling the destinies of a nation without even dreaming of asking the consent of the people; curiosity may reasonably be excited by the difficulty of ascertaining the terms of distribution of common spoil arranged by the high-contracting parties; the treaty would be still more memorable if it had no other claim to the consideration of posterity than the hypocrisy, the injustice, and the mutual treachery of the members of the holy alliance, by which it was framed; but it becomes an object of nearer interest when we find that the irreconcilable views and pretensions of all the parties descended regularly to their successors, and have exerted a constant influence on Irish affairs. Unless attention is paid to these, it is impossible either to unravel the history of Ireland, or even to form a correct judgment of its present position.

Without adopting any of the wild dreams of ancient glory and prosperity in which Irish antiquarians love to indulge, we may regard it as an established fact, that Ireland in the seventh and eighth centuries enjoyed a respectable share of those benefits which result from industry, laws, and literature; its tranquillity was liable to be disturbed by the feuds of petty and jealous chieftains, so prone to strife that the bards record a sanguinary war which originated in a dispute about a goose-egg; but the spread of Christianity tended greatly to subdue this ferocity, and we find records of many feuds arranged by the intervention of ministers of the gospel. In the three following centuries all the elements of social improvement were crushed under the successive invasions of the northern corsairs. The Irish, it is true, succeeded in throwing off the Danish yoke; but all their towns remained in the hands of the foreigners; all respect for a central sovereign power was destroyed; every toparch was absolute lord within his own domains; the country was without money, trade, or manufactures; and all who could not boast of princely blood were condemned to a state of hopeless dependence. The clergy suffered not less than the laity; they were appointed by the petty chiefs in their respective territories, they owed them the customary duties of clansmen, and they were amenable to the ordinary brehon jurisprudence. It was not unnatural that the Irish prelates, comparing their own degraded condition with the high rank which ecclesiastics then held in almost every other part of

Christendom, should seek an alliance with the papacy as a means of securing the elevation of themselves and their order.

It would be unjust to attribute the conduct of the Irish prelates at this crisis exclusively to selfish and unprincipled ambition. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the church stood alone as an element of civilization, and the papal power was the only counterpoise to feudal tyranny and military despotism. There were no means either of ecclesiastical or secular organization in their own country; to preach order to the barbarous chiefs, among whom the land was divided, would have been just as unwise and not quite so safe as delivering a lecture on tranquillity to the whirlwinds. There was no *people* to which they could appeal; and the monarch who was mocked with the title of paramount sovereign had more than enough to do in protecting himself, and had not the power, even if he possessed the will, to devise and execute any plan for the permanent establishment of public tranquillity. It is true that the prelates sacrificed the independence of their national church to the supremacy of the Vatican, but we cannot estimate highly an independence at the mercy of ignorant toparchs, few of whom were probably more advanced in civilization than the Indian chiefs of North America.

To the papal court the transaction was fraught with unmingled triumph, and it afforded the Roman pontiffs an opportunity of advancing their claims to universal empire too valuable to be neglected. It was easy to persuade the Irish prelates that the changes which they desired in the condition of their church, and in their own political position, could only be effected by entrusting supreme power to a delegate of the holy see; and it was at the same time evident that the potentate who accepted such a delegation would virtually become a vassal to the holy see, and a viceroy to the successors of St. Peter. Influenced by these motives, Pope Adrian issued his celebrated bull, granting to Henry Plantagenet the *lordship* of Ireland, but reserving the ultimate sovereignty to the court of Rome. 'We hold it right and good,' says this memorable bull, 'that, for the extension of the borders of the church, the restraining of vice, the correction of manners, the planting of virtue and increase of religion, you enter the said island and execute therein whatever shall pertain to the house of God, and the welfare of the land; and that the people of said land receive you honourably, and reverence you as their lord; *saving always the rights of the churches*, and reserving to St. Peter the annual pension of one penny upon every house.' This bull was subsequently renewed by Pope Alexander the Third, and his confirmatory letter is far

from being complimentary to the Irish church and nation; having recognized the validity of Adrian's donation, he adds, 'Provided also that the barbarous people of Ireland be by your means reformed, and recovered from their filthy life and abominable manners, that as in name, so in conduct and conversation they may become Christians; provided further, that the Irish rude and disordered church being by you reformed, the whole nation may, together with the profession of the faith, be in act and deed followers of the same.'

We have next to inquire the foundation of the assumed papal sovereignty over Ireland, in consequence of which its lordship was given in fief to the monarchs of England, and on this subject we find very different explanations given by the ecclesiastical authorities. The Italians and continental divines generally referred to the imaginary donation of the emperor Constantine, who was said to have bestowed *all* islands upon the successors of St. Peter; but this notion, although supported by the authority of several pontiffs, was displeasing to the national vanity, and was not, so far as we can discover, ever supported by any Irish authority. Pope Adrian discovered in the prophecies, a divine right to islands—'There is indeed no doubt,' he says, 'as your highness also doth acknowledge, that Ireland, and all the islands upon which Christ, the Sun of Righteousness hath shone, do belong to the patrimony of St. Peter and the holy Roman church. Therefore we are the more solicitous to propagate in that land the godly scion of faith, as we have the secret monition of conscience that such is more especially our bounden duty.' The titular primate Lombard, who was private secretary to pope Clement the Eighth, zealously advocated this hypothesis, and supported it by many curious arguments from scripture, which we willingly spare our readers the pain of perusing.

Jeoffrey Keating, the celebrated cotemporary of Lombard, among the many other legends which he attempted to impose upon the world, as Irish history, framed a third hypothesis to explain the nature of the papal claims. He averred, that a king of Munster and some other chiefs had visited Rome as pilgrims, and retiring from earthly cares to the holy tranquillity of the cloister, had surrendered their dominions to the apostolic see. There was, however, an obvious defect in this pretended title, for the Irish principalities though hereditary in the family, were elective as to the individual, and for this reason Keating's theory has had but few followers in Ireland. The fourth, and favourite solution, was that in the time of St. Patrick, the whole Irish nation filled with gratitude to the pious pontiff, whose paternal care had thrown open to them the kingdom of heaven, ceded their island in full and perpetual sovereignty to his see. It was

maintained by the more ardent advocates of this position, that the title of Holy Island, or Island of Saints, had been prophetically applied to Ireland in pagan times, a sure presage of the high destiny that awaited it as the chosen patrimony of the holy father. This was the theory supported by Polydore Virgil, and the jesuit Saunders, and which the late Doctor Doyle seems to have patronized in the third of his celebrated letters, published under the signature of I.K.L., 'when it pleased God to have an isle of saints upon the earth, he prepared Ireland *from afar* for this high destiny.'

Though the subinfeudation of sovereignty, and a consequent divided allegiance were sufficiently common;—the English king himself owing liege homage to the crown of France, for the duchies of Aquitaine and Normandy and the earldom of Anjou, —yet Henry seems not to have been very anxious to assume the office of papal viceroy in Ireland. Adrian's bull was dated A.D. 1155, yet it was not until A.D. 1171, that the Anglo-Normans made any preparations for invading Ireland, and even then they appeared as allies to a petty sovereign engaged in a private and insignificant war. Mr. O'Connell in one of his best speeches in the Catholic Association, has given a graphic and eloquent description of the arrival of the invaders. 'It was on the evening of the 23rd of August, 1172, that the first hostile English footstep pressed the soil of Ireland. It is said to have been a sweet and mild evening when the invading party entered the noble estuary formed by the conflux of the Suir, the Nore, and the Barrow, at the city of Waterford. Accursed be that day in the memory of all future generations of Irishmen, when the invaders first touched our shores! They came to a nation famous for its love of learning, its piety, and its heroism,—they came when internal dissensions separated her sons, and wasted their energies. Internal traitors led on the invaders—her sons fell in no fight,—her liberties were crushed in no battle; but domestic treason and foreign invaders doomed Ireland to seven centuries of oppression.' Doctor Smiles has ably condensed the principal circumstances connected with Strongbow's invasion, but however interesting these events may be, they are of infinitely less importance than the transactions of the Council of Cashel, held immediately after the arrival of Henry. The English monarch appeared there before the Irish princes and prelates not as a conqueror, but as the rightful possessor of a fief conferred upon him by the supreme sovereign; he was recognized as lord of the Irish nation, but only with secondary and delegated authority, he claimed only a divided allegiance, and demanded merely viceregal homage. Such were the conditions of the English rule over the Irish people for more than three centuries, and the recognition of the monarch's title as entirely

dependant on a papal grant, was introduced into the preamble of almost every statute passed in the reigns of the Plantagenets.

The Anglo-Normans who had come over with Strongbow and his associates, regarded themselves as the subjects of the king of England, while the Irish were merely his vassals, being the subjects of the pope. Had the early Plantagenets attempted to treat Ireland as a kingdom, and unite it with their realm of England, they would assuredly have exposed themselves to the hostility of the supreme pontiffs who never yet abandoned any of their pretences to political power. Indeed, we find, that when Henry appointed his son John to the lieutenancy, or rather to the lordship of Ireland, the pope seized the opportunity of re-asserting his title to the supreme dominion, and with somewhat of sarcasm, probably unintended, upon the foppish imbecility of the youthful governor, sent him a diadem of peacock's feathers as the symbol of his investiture. Were the destinies of nations to be decided by the technicalities of law, the claims of the popes to the sovereignty of Ireland would be indisputable. Henry accepted the lordship of Ireland, as a papal grant; bound himself to all the conditions and stipulations of the compact, and of course assented to the penalties of forfeiture if he failed to fulfil those conditions. As we have already stated, his successors followed the same course. From the invasion to the Reformation, the papal grant was set forth in successive statutes as the *sole* ground of right for English sovereignty, and this awkward acknowledgment only ceased to be disused when the Irish parliament changed the title of sovereignty, and proclaimed Henry the Eighth, king of Ireland. Even this proceeding was a gross violation of law, for that parliament only represented the English of the pale, and had therefore no right to make a transfer of the allegiance of the whole Irish people.

This 'divided allegiance' established, as we have seen, by the English monarchs, and maintained, as we shall presently shew, in despite of the wishes and prayers of the Irish people, has been made a theme of reproach and invective against those who unwillingly bore the exclusion from the privileges of British subjects which it entailed on them. The English kings had subjects in Ireland, whose allegiance was complete and undivided; these had therefore an exclusive claim to loyalty, and consequently to the care and favour of the government. So long as exclusive loyalty bore a high price in the market, it was found desirable to keep up divided allegiance, so as to prevent competition.

The lands acquired by Strongbow and his adherents, were situated chiefly on the eastern coast of Ireland, and formed what was called the English pale; those who settled upon them were in fact but an English garrison in Ireland; they had to all intents and purposes a different monarch from the people amidst

whom they dwelt, and thus the distinction of races was perpetuated by a difference of government. Two nations as distinct as the Turks and the Greeks, or the Spartans and the Helots, were thus planted on the Irish soil, and the whole course of law, in opposition to the interest both of the sovereigns and the people, was directed to prevent their amalgamation. There were two ways in which a fusion of races into a united people, might have been accomplished; the first and most obvious, was to receive the Irish within the pale of English, and recognize them as immediate subjects of the king. The Irish commonalty sought this as a boon and offered to give eight thousand marks for the favour; the king earnestly recommended it to the prelates and lords of the pale, but they sternly refused compliance. Captain Rock's memoirs, which by the way are a better history of Ireland, than the volumes to which Mr. Moore has given that name, furnish the following lively and faithful account of the transaction:—

'In the reign of Edward I. that part of the native population which came in immediate contact with the English settlements, and which it was, therefore, a matter of the utmost importance to conciliate, petitioned the king to adopt them as his subjects, and to admit them under the shelter of the English law. They even tried the experiment of bribing the throne into justice. But though the king was well inclined to accede to their request, and even ordered that a convention should be summoned to take this petition into consideration; luckily for the lovers of discord and misrule, his wise and benevolent intentions were not allowed to take effect. The proud barons to whom he had entrusted the government of Ireland, or in other words, the orange ascendancy of that day, could not so easily surrender their privilege of oppression, but preferring victims to subjects, resolved to keep the Irish as they were; and the arguments, or rather evasions, by which they got rid of the question altogether, so closely resemble the shallow pretences which have been played off against the claims of the catholics in our own time, that their folly, though of so old a date, appears to us quite recent and modern; and they might have been uttered by Mr. Goulburn last week, without any breach of costume or appearance of anachronism. Edward was assured that an immediate compliance with his commands was impossible in the present state of things; that the kingdom was in too great ferment and commotion, &c., &c.—'And such pretences,' says Leland, 'were sufficient where the aristocratic faction was so powerful.' Read 'orange faction' here, and you have the wisdom of our rulers, at the end of near six centuries, *in statu quo*.'

The Rev. Dr. Phelan, in his 'Policy of the Church of Rome in Ireland,' asserts that the prelates took a leading part in the prevention of this national blessing.

'There was offered to the (state) church one of those invaluable opportunities of repentance by which the benignant wisdom of Providence will sometimes extract blessings from the greatest transgressions. The

king had declared in his first letter, that he would be guided by the opinions of his prelates and nobles; and in his second, that notwithstanding the inevitable absence of most of the latter, the assembling of the council should by no means be deferred; thus the ecclesiastical members, bishops, abbots, and priors would have easily commanded a very decisive majority. Ireland was therefore once more at the mercy of its prelates; they might now, by a vote, have almost atoned for the original baseness of their predecessors, and arrested the bloody progress of centuries of desolation. But the canon law was the only code which they desired to establish generally, and the law of England was even then too favourable to liberty, not to be viewed with alarm by men who aimed at despotic power. On the one hand, they wished for a continuance of the inequality between the races, because in fact it was only a gradation of servitude, and kept the ascendancy of the church upon a higher pedestal. On the other, they could not tolerate a measure which, by diffusing through all classes a spirit of spontaneous attachment to the state, might diminish their own importance.'

The Rev. Dr. Phelan makes this conduct a ground of special accusation against the church of Rome, but to every one who views it with an unbiassed mind, it will appear the natural and necessary result of an alliance between prelacy and aristocracy. At this hour the majority of the Irish bishops have formed a trades' union, to prevent an amalgamation of races through the medium of national education, and no where has lord Lyndhurst found allies more resolute in keeping the bulk of the Irish 'aliens in language, religion, and blood,' than on the episcopal bench. Let the Plantagenet prelates have their due share of reprobation, but let not their modern successors and imitators pass unscathed by censure. Dr. Phelan was one of those who could see the mote in the eye of Romish prelacy, but could not discern the beam in the eye of Anglican episcopacy;

'Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.'

A second mode of amalgamation, was the adoption of Irish habits and laws by the English, or rather the Anglo-Norman settlers; and this process was too attractive to meet with the same neglect as the former. The Anglo-Norman settlers were adventurers of reckless and ferocious habits, distinguished from the worst of the native chiefs by nothing but their superior skill in predatory warfare; they had conquered broad lands without the aid of the king, and were resolved to govern without his intervention. Some of them, but particularly the two great branches of the De Burghos, the Geraldines of Desmond, and the Berminghams of Athenry, renounced the language, laws, and usages of the mother-country. They had been smitten with the barbaric circumstance and unlimited sway of the native chieftains; they became chieftains themselves; assumed Irish appellations, and moulded their motley followers into the form of Irish tribes. They were described as *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*,

'more Irish than the Irish themselves;' and the palatinate lords, of whom there were nine in Ireland, though they retained some usages of Norman feudalism, gave to the crown a merely nominal allegiance.

In the lieutenancy of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, a parliament was held at Kilkenny, which passed an act memorable above all others in the sad annals of Irish legislation, and very generally known as the statute of Kilkenny. This celebrated act, which was regarded for two centuries as the palladium of the English interest in Ireland, and which was, for about the same space of time, regularly renewed by every parliament that sat in Ireland, was rejected from the first collection of Irish statutes, made by Sir Henry Sidney, in 1572, and was not inserted in any subsequent collection. Fortunately, it has been recently published by that distinguished antiquarian, Mr. James Hardiman, and deserves to be noticed, 'like more acts of a similar tendency, though of different name, as a memorable example of the folly and wickedness of enacting vindictive laws for temporary purposes, which can only tend to create and continue dissensions among mankind.' It was decreed by this statute, that marriage, nurture of infants, or gossiping with the Irish, or submission to Irish law, should be considered and punished as high treason. Again, if any man of English race, should use the Irish dress or language, or take an Irish name, or observe any rule or custom of the Irish, particularly that of ploughing by the tail or without a saddle, he was to forfeit lands and tenements, until he had given security in the court of chancery that he would conform in every particular to the English manners. Further, it was made highly penal to present a mere Irishman to any ecclesiastical benefice, or receive him into a monastery or other religious house; penalties still more severe were denounced against the entertainment of an Irish bard, minstrel, or story-teller, and as a climax of absurdity, it was declared criminal to admit an Irish horse to graze upon the pasture of an Englishman!

The successive lord-deputies, down to the time of the Reformation, administered the government in the spirit of the statute of Kilkenny, with the single exception of Richard, Duke of York, who came armed with sufficient powers to control the oligarchy, and animated by a sincere desire to promote the peace and prosperity of the country. For a brief season the Irish could say—

'Now is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by this son of York.'

In gratitude for this interval of good government, the Irish and the Anglo-Irish most closely identified with the national cause, zealously supported the house of York in the civil wars, and assumed the white rose as their favourite cognizance. From that to the present hour, the white rose has been the favourite symbol

of Irish patriotism, and the chosen badge of Irish insurrection. The support which the Anglo-Irish, and the Irish, gave to Simnel and Warbeck, inspired the Tudors with a determination to break down the exorbitant privileges of their all-but independent aristocracy, and unfortunately this effort was coincident with the attempt to bring Ireland within the pale of the Reformation.

We are not aware that any historian has attempted to explain the cause of the great difference between the popular reception of the reformed religion in England and Ireland; the solution of the problem is, however, not very difficult. The Saxons were a conquered race; they regarded the Normans as foreign intruders, and the church, of which they took possession, as a foreign establishment. There was a strong spirit of dissent diffused through the Saxon population, which we need scarcely say formed the bulk of the English people; it found voice through William the Saxon, John Ball, and others, before Wickliffe gave form to its complaints and strength to its arguments. The Norman hierarchy, and the Norman aristocracy, were banded against the English people; and the insurrections of Cade and Tyler were directed equally against both. When the Tudors resolved on raising a new church and a new nobility, they found the nation ready to second both efforts, and both were therefore successful.

In Ireland, the papal church being placed in immediate dependence on the pope, the recognized supreme governor of the country was consequently independent of the aristocracy, and to some extent a rival political body. To the ecclesiastics, the oppressed Irish had recourse for protection against the grievous tyranny of the Anglo-Norman lords, and they found the more sympathy as these lords were spoliators of church property on all favourable opportunities. Early in the fourteenth century, a complaint of the oppressions and exactions perpetrated by the Anglo-Irish oligarchy in the name of the English government, was sent to pope John the Twenty-second, and melancholy as is the recital of the wrongs of the nation, it is impossible to avoid a smile when we look to the list of clerical grievances with which they are accompanied. 'Fifty thousand of our brethren have been cut off by the sword, and a bishop has been committed to prison. We are not left a spot which we can call our own, and a cathedral has been deprived of half its lands.' In fact the Irish oligarchy was so bitterly opposed to the Irish hierarchy, that the excuse made by one of the powerful earls of Kildare for burning a church was, that 'he thought the archbishop had been inside it.' In England, the Romish church was the ally of the aristocracy and the enemy of the people; in Ireland its position was exactly the reverse, and nothing more is

needed to explain the different reception of the principles of the Reformation by the people of the two countries.

The old Norman nobility of England, the Howards, the Percys, and the Nevilles, refused to follow Henry the Eighth, when he suddenly threw off allegiance to the pope; the Anglo-Normans of Ireland, and many of the native Irish toparchs, irritated by the too-successful rivalry of the ecclesiastical power, were far more willing to withdraw their allegiance from the papacy.

'Accordingly,' says Dr. Phelan, 'when Henry the Eighth asserted his claim to the complete sovereignty of the island, all the nobles arrayed themselves on the side of the crown; they abolished the subordinate title of lord, the only one which the pope had permitted to be assumed, and proclaimed him king of Ireland and supreme head of the church. This unanimity was not confined to that body of the nobility which conformed to the English customs, and which usually took a share in the administration of public affairs. Those powerful and refractory chieftains, who had hitherto maintained a dubious struggle against the utmost force of the state, came forward on this occasion with rival zeal for the honour of royalty, and the strongest professions of their undivided allegiance. Desmond was the first who presented himself; on the 16th of January, 1540, he executed a written indenture, in which he 'utterly denied and promised to forsake the usurped primacy and authority of the bishop of Rome, and engaged to resist and repress the same, and all that should by any means uphold or maintain it.' Shortly after, O'Connor and O'Donnel gave similar pledges. O'Donnel, in his indenture, bearing date the 6th of August, 1542, declares that he 'will renounce, relinquish, and, to the best of his power, annihilate the usurped authority of the Roman pontiff, but will with all diligence, expel, eject, and eradicate those who adhere to the said pontiff, or bring them into subjection to our lord the king.'

Similar indentures were executed by nearly all the great lords, whether of Anglo-Norman or Irish descent, and there is little doubt that they would have adhered to their engagements had they received their expected share of ecclesiastical plunder. The partition of the monastic lands in England had enabled Henry the Eighth to mould the church according to his pleasure; he created a new body of proprietors from the minions and favourites of the court, whose first religious principle was to preserve the estates which they had acquired, and to whom all other creeds and articles were matters of perfect indifference. It was not in the power of the Tudors to pursue the same policy in Ireland; there was not in that country any body of men, any substantial middle class, any independent country gentleman from which a new nobility could be formed; and the distribution of the monastic lands among the old aristocracy, would have been an act of monstrous impolicy, for their exorbitant power had already become a nuisance which required to be abated. The course of the Tudor monarchs was beset with difficulties, their

position was one that required the exercise of great wisdom and great forbearance, but unfortunately the attributes of their dynasty were pride, prejudice, and passion.

The Irish lords, deprived of their expected share of the spoil, and menaced with the loss of no small portion of their ancient inheritance, cooled very rapidly in their new allegiance. They set themselves against the authority of the English crown, with very little solicitude about the religion of its wearer; the war between the monarchy and the aristocracy commenced in the reign of Mary, and was protracted through the greater part of the long reign of Elizabeth, when it ended in a compromise, which left matters in a worse and more unsettled state than ever.

Neither Henry the Eighth nor his daughter Elizabeth, contemplated such an anomaly as establishing a church without a congregation, and a hierarchy without a people. Henry caused a statute to be enacted, by which every person inducted into a benefice in Ireland should swear that he would either keep, or cause to be kept, a school for instructing his parishioners in the English language; the statute was so far obeyed that the oath was regularly taken, and its obligations as regularly violated, down to the commencement of the present century. It showed more wisdom than is usually attributed to that heartless profligate Henry the Eighth, to propose a new language as the means of inculcating a new religion, and had his plan been honestly carried into effect, the identification of the Irish with the English in language would, in all human probability, have extended to creed; but the fact is, that the protestant ascendancy of Ireland, from the first moment of its establishment to a period within the memory of man, never honestly wished for the conversion of the Irish people. At the very outset, an act of parliament was passed permitting the service of the churches to be performed in Latin where the congregation did not understand English! In spite of their oath, the clergy did not teach the people English, and at the same time they shrunk from the task of learning Irish, so that religious instruction was clearly impossible. It was an additional evil, that instead of training Irishmen in the reformed doctrines for the purpose of instructing their countrymen, pastors were sent over from England utterly ignorant of the character of the people they had to instruct, and not very deeply influenced by the principles which they professed to teach. The state papers of the day contain abundant proof that the clergymen sent to Ireland were the very refuse of the English church, and some of them have left their names associated with detestable deeds in the criminal records of the country.

There were among these migrating clergymen several upright conscientious men, who removed to the Irish church in conse-

quence of the persecution to which their puritanical tendencies exposed them in England. They were, however, discouraged and discountenanced by the government; Strafford's letters show us with what jealousy the lovers of state-religion looked upon the promoters of true piety, and Archbishop Usher's writings contain abundant proof that the diffusion of protestantism among the Irish was far from being pleasing to the higher powers. Indeed, so strong was the resolution of the ascendancy to keep the Irish papists in order to have a pretence for plunder and persecution, that when the Wesleyan methodists began to preach to the peasantry, several of them, including the Rev. Charles Wesley, were presented by the grand jury of the county of Cork as rogues and vagabonds, and every exertion was made to induce the judge to sentence them to transportation. There are many now alive who remember the holders of lucrative benefices boasting that there were no protestants in their parish, and that they were thus saved from the bore of parochial duties. The reply of one of these worthy successors of the apostles to his bishop, when questioned upon this subject, has passed into a proverb in the south of Ireland. The bishop having glanced over a series of returns, and found that the number of protestants in the parish had been growing small by degrees, and beautifully less, until the last return had shrunk into unity, inquired, 'What has become of all the protestant families who resided in this parish when you were inducted into it?' 'They have all evaporated, my lord,' was the characteristic answer.

The long wars of Elizabeth's reign had scarcely a nominal connexion with religion; their object was to establish the authority of the crown over the barbarous feudalism of the descendants of the Anglo-Norman invaders, and the savage independence of the Irish chiefs. It was the great object of the queen to bring the island under the dominion of English law, but unfortunately the benefit that might have resulted from thus establishing order was more than counteracted by the iniquitous application of the law of forfeiture, which equally deprived of property the innocent and the guilty. From the moment that the system of confiscating lands, and granting estates from these forfeitures to the minions of government commenced, a party was formed which drove a lucrative trade in hatching plots and fomenting conspiracies.

According to the old Irish law, the property of the soil was vested in the entire sept or clan, and only a certain reserved share was vested as a life interest in the toparch or chieftain. When James the First, under a false pretence of conspiracy, declared the forfeiture of the O'Neills, O'Donnells, and other chiefs of Ulster, he included in the confiscation, all the lands

over which they held political sway, without paying the slightest regard to the rights of the clansmen. This profligate injustice, to which we know of no parallel in history, was enforced with a tyrannical severity equally unexampled. James was both lavish and avaricious; he granted these lands with heedless profusion to the unprincipled minions of his profligate court, and the eagerness with which they took possession, the pitiless severity with which they expelled the former occupants, and the sufferings of the innocent beings expelled from their homes to perish by cold and famine, can only be estimated by those who have seen the results of an Irish clearing, when the wholesale iniquity of James's forfeiture is acted on a smaller scale by agrarian tyrants. This was found so profitable, that Charles the First resolved to try a similar experiment in the province of Connaught, and as he could not find even a pretence of treason, he had recourse to the legal fiction which declares the ultimate property in land to be vested in the crown, and under this pretext he brought ejections on the title against all the proprietors of the province. Strafford was entrusted with the management of this piece of legal iniquity, and to ensure its success he offered to the judges a per centage on all the property gained by the crown, who punished with fine and imprisonment all juries that refused to find satisfactory verdicts. At this crisis, Laud's tyranny had provoked resistance in Scotland and England; Strafford was recalled to meet his well-merited fate on the scaffold, and Ireland was consigned to the tender mercies of Borlase and Parsons, the latter of whom, at the very commencement of his administration, announced his determination to exterminate the catholics of Ireland.

The example of the Scotch presbyterians who had forced the king to consent to favourable terms, was not lost on the Irish people. Those who had been ruthlessly expelled from their homes in Ulster, were the first to take the field; they rushed from the bogs, and woods, and mountains, where they had sought refuge, and ejected the occupants of their former lands, with just as little tenderness as had been shown to themselves. This outbreak has received the name, of the Massacre of 1641; and, the monstrous fictions that have been related of the cruelties perpetrated by the Irish, though often refuted, have been as coolly repeated as if they had been established by incontrovertible evidence. It is a lamentable truth, that several atrocious deeds were committed on both sides; but, it is not less true, that the worst crimes were committed by the royalists, for it is the boast of Borlase himself, that the Irish often gave, but never received quarter.

The war of 1641, was at first encouraged by the lords-justices, who used every art to drive the catholic lords of the pale

into rebellion, in order that they might profit by their forfeitures. But the increasing disputes between the king and the parliament, in England, deprived Borlase and Parsons of the military aid by which they might have directed the movement, and Ireland fell into a complete state of anarchy and disorganization. Five armies were in the field together, the native Irish, the catholic lords of the pale attached to the English connection, a mixed body of catholics looking for independence or for a new sovereign chosen by the pope, the protestant royalists, and the protestant adherents of the parliament. The last were so weak, that they could have been easily crushed by any of the rest; and succeeded, simply because the whole four were combined against them, under the Duke of Ormond. This nobleman was a staunch adherent of the Stuarts, and an ardent supporter of their policy to establish, by any means, an English interest in Ireland; he therefore tried to avail himself of the services of the Irish, and Anglo-Irish catholics, in the war against Cromwell; but, at the same time, to reserve the power of confiscation for their having taken up arms, whenever the triumph of the royal cause would allow the schemes of Strafford to be renewed. Under such circumstances, Ormond could not hope for any effective support; he opened negociations with the catholic leaders, but gave such proofs of his insincerity and ulterior designs, that they dared not trust him; and, when the pressure of circumstances at last induced him to relinquish his plans of forfeiture, the royal cause had sunk too low to be recoverable. While Ormond and his allies were thus engaged, Cromwell pushed boldly onwards and effected the conquest of the kingdom. He devised and executed a plan of confiscation, not based on the hollow pretences of treason and the artifices of legal fiction, but on the simple ground, that the saints of his army had the same right to the estates of Irish papists, that the Israelites had to the land of the Canaanites; and, on this mixed principle of theology and conquest, the partition of the estates forfeited by those who had taken up arms for their sovereign, was actually made. In a later age, an impudent attempt was made, and not without success, to persuade the people of England, that these confiscations were inflicted as a punishment for the alleged massacre; to this there is a short but decisive answer; the massacres, whether small or great, were perpetrated in Ulster; the confiscations were almost exclusively confined to Leinster and Munster.

A great change came over Cromwell's soldiers when they found themselves suddenly raised to the dignity of land-holders; and at once transformed, from wild adventurers into an estated aristocracy. Their first principle, was a determination to keep what they had acquired; and, as they clearly saw, that the English protectorate would be of short duration, they began to

negociate with the exiled sovereign. Before the terms of the treaty were arranged, Charles the Second was suddenly restored to the throne; and, one of his earliest measures, was an assurance, that the Cromwellian settlement should not be seriously disturbed. It would be too tedious to relate the perfidy with which this 'most religious and gracious king' who, was himself, though secretly, a catholic, aided Ormond in establishing, what was called a 'protestant interest' in Ireland; Charles, in fact saw, that Cromwell had accomplished with characteristic boldness, what the first James, and the first Charles, had tried to effect by fraud; there was an 'English interest' in Ireland ready to his hand, and he regarded the mere question of religion, as a matter of perfect indifference. James the Second adopted the same course; he obtained, as Duke of York, a considerable share of the forfeited estates; after his accession to the throne, he refused to allow any revision of the Act of Settlement, and, even when he came to Ireland, after being driven from England, he secretly made every effort to prevent the Irish parliament from restoring those estates to their original owners.

In the civil war of 1689, the real question at issue in Ireland, was the ownership of these estates. The Anglo-Irish wanted more forfeitures, the Irish wanted security for their property. Aided by the entire strength of England, the Anglo-Irish prevailed; but they never forgot the terror of the peril which they had escaped, and it thence-forward became their single fixed principle of policy to keep down the native Irish. As this could only be effected by the aid of England, they were forced to pay the price which the English government was pleased to exact; and bitterly indeed did they feel some of the onerous conditions that were exacted. Prelacy, against which their ancestors had fought so bravely, was felt by them as a generous yoke, so long as any of the old religious spirit survived; the commercial restrictions which fettered the trade and commerce of Ireland, were borne reluctantly; and the supremacy of the English Privy Council over their parliament, was a badge of servitude to which they unwillingly submitted. Still they were content to endure these degradations, so long as they were allowed to have penal laws by which they could obtain petty confiscations, to gratify avarice; and frequent opportunities of exercising the luxury of oppression. A century elapsed, in which the inferior portion of the nation was disciplined into the vices of the slave, and the ascendancy still more thoroughly imbued with the darker vices of the master.

It was their usual pretext to declare that the iniquitous system which they had established, was designed to support the protestant interest. The hypocritical nature of this plea was sufficiently shown by their own undisguised preference of a catholic

to a protestant tenantry. On this subject, we shall quote part of a pamphlet published so long ago as 1746.

‘Popish tenants are daily preferred, and protestants rejected,—either for the sake of swelling a rental, or adding some mean duties which protestants will not submit to. . . . The protestants being driven out of their settlements, transport themselves, their families, and their effects to America; there to meet a more hospitable reception amongst strangers to their persons, but friends to their civil and religious principles.

. . . Some endeavour to excuse themselves by saying, that protestant tenants cannot be had. They may thank themselves if that be true, for they have helped to banish them by not receiving them when they might. There is a protestant price and a popish price for land; and he who will have valuable protestants on his estate, must depart from his popish price. Here, I fear the matter will stick. It will be as hard to persuade a gentleman to fall from one thousand a year to eight hundred, as it was to prevail on the lawyer in the gospel to sell all, and save his soul.’

It is generally known, that these protestant emigrants from Ireland formed a very considerable portion of the American strength in the revolutionary war. In consequence of the discouragement of the landlords, and the utter neglect of their duty by the clergy of the last generation, it is probable, that but for the exertions of the Wesleyan methodists, there would be hardly a protestant in the lower ranks of life left in Ireland. It deserves to be noticed, that this question between a protestant and catholic tenantry, led to the most fearful aggravations of the horrors of the insurrection of 1798. We shall not follow Dr. Smiles through his impartial and ample detail of that calamitous period, but only mention an explanation of what most writers have passed lightly over,—the extraordinary ferocity manifested by the protestant yeomanry and militia on every occasion. So long as catholics were excluded from the elective franchise, those who trafficked in parliamentary seats—that is to say, nearly every large landholder resident in Ireland—had a direct interest in obtaining protestant tenants, to strengthen his political interest by their votes. The demand for such voting tenants rather exceeded the supply; the protestants kept up their value in the market, and at length set so high a price on themselves, that the land-owners resolved on opening the franchise to catholics, and thus depriving the protestant tenantry of the advantages of their monopoly. The protestants in the middle and lower ranks of society felt the injury which they sustained by free competition, but instead of directing their rage against the legislature, they turned their fury against the catholic competitors. This was one of the chief causes of the excesses of the ‘Peep of Day Boys,’ of the sanguinary acts of violence committed by the Orangemen, and of the atrocities practised by

'Moll Doyle's men,' after the insurrection of 1798 had been suppressed.

It has been our object to collect some of those facts in Irish history to which least attention has hitherto been paid, but which we deem to have had the strongest influence in moulding the destinies of the country, rather than to follow Doctor Smiles in his record of mere events. It may be inferred, from what we have stated, that the leading grievances of Ireland may be classed under three heads, which, though closely connected, are yet sufficiently distinct to require separate consideration. These may be conveniently designated, grievances of the state, grievances of the church, grievances of the relations between proprietary and tenantry, and grievances connected with the administration of justice.

Under the first head, it appears that Ireland has never been governed either by the people or for the people, but by a minority, and virtually a faction, assuming to itself the title of the English, or the protestant interest, and that this preposterous rule of government has inflicted on the inferior body of the nation the vices of slavery, and on the ascendant party, the still worse vices of mastery.

Under the second head, we find the established church existing only for the sake of a small minority, and during the greater part of its existence, ostentatiously neglecting the majority by perpetuating a barrier of language, which rendered communication between the clergy and people impossible. That church neither taught its ministers Irish, nor those who ought to be their hearers, English; consequently, it has been a very partial good, whilst the weight of its exactions and the jealousies which it provoked, rendered it a general evil.

To the third head of grievances we need not direct attention at present, as a Commission has been appointed to inquire into the subject, and the report of its labours will afford us an opportunity of closely examining the internal and social condition of the Irish people.

The fourth head, unfortunately, receives a sad illustration in the present day. We have seen the leaders of a people prosecuted on the strange charge of having entered into a conspiracy to keep the peace, and the public prosecutor giving proof that he was not disposed to keep the peace, by tendering a challenge in open court; we have beheld a jury so clearly packed, that the Lord Chancellor of England denounced the panel as fraudulent, and a judge from the bench proclaiming himself an advocate of the cause. When a verdict was obtained against all intelligible principles of justice, and with little respect for even the ordinary forms of law, proof was given us that personal rancour was the predominant element in the trial, by the haste manifested to

incarcerate the leader of the Irish people without waiting for the ratification of the sentence by the highest court of appeal in the realm. 'If these things be done in the green wood, what shall be done in the dry?' When such is the conduct pursued in the public courts of the metropolis, what is to be expected from the inferior magistrates, whose deeds are shrouded from publicity? Let the *res gestæ* of Mr. Alexander O'Duscoll, just restored to the magistracy, give an answer, and complete the proof that from the queen's bench down to the squire's bench, there exists a fearful grievance, which may be well called 'the administration of injustice in Ireland.'

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- Art. VII. 1. *A Bill for the Settlement of the Colony of New Zealand*:—*House of Commons' Papers*, 1838;—*Copies of the Laws passed by the Governor and Council of New Zealand, presented to Parliament, pursuant to the Statute of 3 and 4 Vict., cap. 62*;—*Petitions of the Inhabitants of Wellington, upon the occasion of the calamity on the Wairoa, the 17th June, 1843*;—*Extracts of Letters from the Bishop of New Zealand*. London, 1842, 3, 4;—*Thanksgiving Sermon on the arrival of the Bishop of New Zealand, Paiha*. New Zealand, 1843;—*The Eleventh Report of the Directors of the New Zealand Company, and the First Annual Report of the New Zealand Society*. London, 1844;—and, *Reports from E. Halswell, Esq., late Commissioner of Native Reserves in New Zealand*. 1841-2.
2. *Motion of Dr. Thompson in the legislature of New South Wales, respecting a proper system for civilizing the Aborigines*. Sydney, August, 1843.
 3. *Correspondence relative to the French at Tahiti*;—*House of Commons Papers*, 1843, No. 473; and *Letter of the Earl of Aberdeen, on the Sandwich Islands*. Washington, 1843.
 4. *Memoir on the N. W. Coast of America*. By R. Greenhow, 8vo. New York, 1840;—*Farnham's Travels in Oregon*. Ploughkeepsie, United States, and London, 1843;—*The Case of the Oregon Territory*. By John Thoms, Recorder of Prince Rupert's Land. London, 1844;—*Hudson's Bay Company*;—*House of Commons' Paper*, No. 547, 1842; and *Letters of the Rev. Dr Alder to Lord Glenelg and Sir George Arthur, in the Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society for 1840*.
 5. *Correspondence relative to Sinde*.—*House of Commons' Papers for 1843*—4., *Official papers on the dethroned Raja of Sattara, by Rumje Bapojee, Vakeel*, 1843.—*Petition against the Wars in India and China*, 1844.
 6. *The Colonial Gazette, and the New Zealand Journal*. London, 1844.
 7. *Sixth Annual Report of the Aborigines Protection Society*, 1843.
 8. *The Provident Philanthropist*. London: 8vo., 1844.

9. *Plan of a System of Medical Establishment in the South Seas.* By Thomas Beale. London, 1840.
10. *Reports of the Missionary and Philanthropic Societies for 1844.* London.
11. *The North American Indian Portfolio.* By G. Catlin. London; 1844.

THIS long list of documents and drawings, books and newspapers, respecting the various relations of our traders, and our colonists, our statesmen, and our philanthropists, with many barbarous tribes, is drawn up with a particular intent. Sincere, well-intentioned persons think, that the public is so much occupied upon other subjects, not so say, that it is so indifferent to those relations, as to make an earnest call for proper measures on the part of the British government an almost useless effort. To use the words of the late Mr. Wilberforce in an unpublished letter now lying before us, and written twenty-four years ago, upon certain proposals then offered for such measures, it is feared by those sincere, well-intentioned persons, that *there are so many different objects to interest benevolence in this country*, that the claims of the barbarous tribes with which our colonists are more and more rapidly mingling, cannot by any pains be brought home to the feelings of the public at large, so as to justify the toil that is indispensable to secure a great and a reasonable success. Some, therefore, despair of the case, and abandon it. Others depend for their success upon the invaluable influences of religious missionaries. And not a few are willing to have recourse to novel and benevolent combinations, of which the enterprize to the Niger, was a most unhappy example. All see with grief, what they believe to be a good cause, left at the mercy of the 'chapter of accidents' denounced by Sir T. F. Buxton.

It deserves, however, to be gravely considered, whether a better way of proceeding, *through the people and the state, and including every good effort on the part of suitable agents*, will not stay the evils inflicted by us upon barbarians. Mr. Wilberforce must have thought so; inasmuch as within two years after the above-mentioned communication was made to him, namely, in the Session of 1822, that pre-eminent leader in this cause, did himself, in the House of Commons, originate a political movement in regard to the Hottentots and other natives of South Africa. That political movement produced admirable results in spite of numerous errors which have impeded it; and the following twenty-two years have strengthened the conviction, that measures may be devised and executed, to save civilized society from the continuance of the reproach of being the destroyer instead of the improver of barbarians, and to give to barbarians the fair enjoyment of civilization, of which they duly estimate

the value until alienated by our abuse of its power, and ruined by our neglect of its best lessons. Above all, it is believed, that the philanthropic party may rouse a spirit in our whole people so effectually as to make the more and the less civilized come together with mutual advantage.

It is for the purpose of justifying this belief, that the subject has been introduced with a long array of titles, pointing at the multifarious materials which belong to it, and marking the activity with which powerful, but unconnected bodies, are cultivating its various branches.

Those materials are indeed almost as unlimited in amount, as they are rich in character; and it is of extreme importance to bring them into a manageable compass and form, inasmuch as the several parties, by whose concurrent, if not united efforts, all the difficulties of the case might be overcome, continue, for want of knowledge, to be at once most miserably divided from each other in opinion on its points of greatest interest, and also incapable of bringing their own peculiar operations to a reasonably good issue.

As will be shewn presently from the best authority, the government especially is deficient in the knowledge of those materials, and of the main facts of the case; and the advantage of making a complete analysis of both, as well as of having such analysis followed up by an arrangement of the intelligence arriving daily from abroad, has recently been pressed in vain. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Stanley, received this suggestion with sufficiently warm consideration: and it was strongly recommended; but no steps seem to be yet taken for its adoption, although the recent formation of a new board of commissioners for the administration of the lands we acquire from the natives, and for the management of the emigrations with which we now overwhelm them, presents a most convenient and cheap organ for carrying such an analysis into effect by the addition of another member to that board.

In the meantime, the unceasing recurrence of fatal collisions with the Aborigines in the numerous countries belonging to us all over the earth, ought surely to excite a strong sense of duty towards our adventurous countrymen thronging thither, and towards the unhappy people, among whom, in the place of peace and goodwill, colonists now so often carry ruin at frightful cost to themselves.

The special object of this article is, to consider if means cannot be devised to prevent these calamities; and to substitute humane policy and practical Christian principles for the prevailing system, which, by its gross neglects, its arbitrary acts, its bad faith, its cruel injustice, and, above all, the profound

ignorance upon which it is based, leads directly to the destruction of the good prospects which a rule of law and reason and knowledge would realize.

At present, our prospects upon the subject are gloomy indeed; and within a few months, a principle respecting the *necessity of wars and conquests* when races in different degrees of civilization meet, was declared in parliament by Sir Robert Peel, in a way that goes far utterly to defeat the best hopes of humanity; inasmuch as such an apology justifies the carnage accumulating upon us of late almost beyond example. This would give cause for the greatest alarm, if the signs of better things were not abundant, so that the evil that has happened of late in our colonies and in India, so far from fatally discouraging, should prompt to immediate and vigorous action. The better things must be multiplied; the worse, stayed. Errors must be frankly acknowledged or unreservedly exposed; and the worst error of all—apathy, must be earnestly uprooted.

Happily, when the monstrous principle alluded to was advanced so rashly by Sir Robert Peel, it was met by an instant rebuke in favour of the more hopeful side. Sir Robert Peel, like many more, is *come late, in fact, to the consideration of such subjects*, as he stated in Exeter Hall, at the first Niger meeting, in 1840; and it may be hoped, that when better things than he has yet contemplated shall be brought fairly before the world, he will gladly join those whose convictions in honour of philanthropy can surely not be stronger than his desires for its triumph. Lord Jocelyn having said that 'We should not act like barbarians because dealing with barbarians,—and that we should have pursued the same course towards the Ameers of Sind, as in civilized Europe,' Sir Robert Peel remarked:—

'There is a ground for making allowances for the conduct of Lord Auckland, or Lord Ellenborough, acting under the circumstances under which *all* Governor-generals of British India are always placed. We may in this House lay down what positions we please with respect to the propriety of observing in our Indian policy the same rules and principles which are observed between European states; we may pass acts of parliament interdicting the government from extending our Indian territories by conquest. But I am afraid there is some great principle at work wherever civilization and refinement come into contact with barbarism, which makes it impossible to apply the rules observed among more advanced nations; more especially when civilization and refinement come into contact with barbarism in an immensely extended country. I doubt whether it be possible, if you wish to increase the security of your Indian empire, that you can rigidly adopt the principle with respect to the nominally independent and small states in India which is adopted in Europe. . . . Whatever may be the principle which may regulate the conduct of civilized nations when coming in contact with each other, I am afraid that when civilization and barbarism

come into contact, there is some uncontrollable principle of a very different description, which demands a different course of conduct.'

To this, Lord John Russell objected with great force; that, imperfect as the international law of civilized Europe is in regard to the aggressions of its princes upon each other, we are bound in our relations with barbarians to respect that law at least, such as it is,—and especially, that there is no insurmountable necessity urging civilized nations to hold no other intercourse with the uncivilized races, than an intercourse of violence and conquest.

Sir Robert Peel obviously felt that these objections to his remarks were unanswerable. He accordingly closed the discussion with an explanation that took off much of the offensive character of his first speech*; but its deep-seated impolicy has been betrayed by recent revelations. The recall of Lord Ellenborough was under *discussion* at the very moment Sir R. Peel was making this unguarded display of his principles. The irritation of the Duke of Wellington arose from his defeat in this discussion. The subject of it was an old one with him. Forty years ago, when in India, the Duke deliberately *argued*, as well as fought for principles of progress by conquest, instead of peaceful progress. At that period the effect of the statute of 22d. Geo. 3, against war for conquest was unshaken. His Grace and the Marquis of Wellesley set the law aside. This is proved by state papers lately published (see Memorandum on the Treaty of Bassein, the Wellington Dispatches, v. iii., p. 479, and the Wellesley Dispatches, v. iv., p. 504). And most happy will it prove, if the grounds taken by the Directors of the East India Company shall be found to have checked the duke in this main error of his life, upon the great principle which did so much honour to the last century.

A brief survey of some of the more recent facts concerning our relations with barbarous tribes, will open the way to the more promising prospect which a careful estimate of the influences of humane and wise policy seems to offer to us.

After an inquiry for three sessions, a committee of the House of Commons declared in its general report, that the manifold evils of the system at present enforced towards the Aborigines of the colonies, are attributable mainly to *ignorance* on the part of the government concerning those affairs,—an opinion easy to be justified by numerous testimonies, and by events not less remarkable than they are distressing.

The same committee, after expressly condemning our prevailing system of intercourse with barbarian tribes, declared without reserve, that its suitable improvement would be an easy task.

* *Hansard*, 1844, pp. 443—455.

Nevertheless, this bad system still flourishes in all its old and rankest vigour, to the destruction of many lives, and loss of much private property ; to the exceeding injury of the public interests ; and to the misery, and ultimate ruin of the native tribes with which our colonists have intercourse.

Five examples, which have occurred in our own time, furnish all the grounds needed for a reform, by exhibiting in a clear light almost all the mischievous circumstances now attendant on British colonization ; and some important successful trials made in them, prove the soundness of certain principles, which ought to be sanctioned by the highest authority, and the utility of various establishments which ought to be adopted, on a sufficiently large scale to meet all exigencies.

These examples are—First, the settlement of Van Dieman's Land. Secondly, that of New South Wales, and the other Australian colonies. Thirdly, that of South Africa. Fourthly, that of New Zealand ; and fifthly, that of British North America, and the Oregon country.

First. In Van Dieman's Land, our treatment of the natives has been the very worst possible ; and, that worst treatment was never accompanied by any correctives, either by missionary establishments, or by endeavours on the part of the government, to protect and civilize these poor people. Occasional kind acts may have been done to them, by individuals ; and their final expulsion from the island by Governor Arthur, was accompanied by an effort in their favour, which did credit to Mr. Robinson who devised it, however melancholy many of the circumstances were, which attended that effort ; and, however fatal their sufferings, crowned by that expulsion, have proved to the race.

In this colony they were exposed, originally, to military execution, without the slightest provocation ; and to the evil conduct of convicts of the very worst character. They shared, too, the common lot of the natives of all our colonies founded for fifty years before the settlement of New Zealand, in their country being occupied, without their consent, expressly enjoined by George the Third to be sought ; and also, in that violation of natural right, not being compensated by suitable means for their protection and civilization. They are consequently utterly extinct.

Secondly. In New South Wales, some of the natives have, from time to time, had the advantage of instruction, and the comfort of personal shelter, at institutions formed by missionaries or by the government. They have also, from time to time, been employed beneficially to themselves, and to the colonists. So early as at the foundation of the colony, their capacity for civilization was vindicated by Mr. Pennant, with great force, in a geographical work too little known ; and he, along with other able men, warmly denounced the horrible plan then formed, of send-

ing convicts to the South Seas. At the same period, Mr. Wilberforce and the Rev. John Newton discussed the evils to be feared from a colony composed of such materials; but they unfortunately adopted the old error of the Jesuits and other missionaries, pushed to extremes by all the benevolent societies of our day,—namely, that the natives of new countries have no chance of safety, except by separation from colonists—which it is impossible to effect; whereas, a vigorous reform in colonial government, and a persevering improvement in our colonizing system would render their union with colonists a source of general well-being. Especially have the philanthropists never yet attempted to stay convict transportation. But, surely, no amount of advantage, if any be derived by us from it, can justify sending criminals, and criminal men without women, to the simple natives of Australia. With that additional scourge they are disappearing under grievous suffering. It is common to assert that they are a mere handful; nor can it be pretended that they are numerous, when compared with population in Europe. The first governor, however, Captain Philip, took a complete census of them, in one district, by sending different parties *at the same hour* to count all the canoes and parties at every cove in Port Jackson, and he thus ascertained the existence of a considerable population near Sydney. They have been gradually destroyed by our diseases, by our rum, and by our gunpowder. Legal protection has at intervals only been thought of in their behalf; and the unsuitableness of our laws to their condition, as for instance, in their exclusion from courts of justice by reason of their inability to take an oath, has exposed them to every species of violence without the remotest chance of redress. On this particular head, of evidence without an oath, our law has at length been amended by a statute of last Session; but even that amendment is made in the imperfect manner so discreditable in our management of what concerns these poor people.

Institutions for their benefit, tried and recommended by the highest and most experienced colonial authorities, were rejected at home. But such institutions have begun to be supported by the government, although in a way that is at this moment the subject of bitter comment in the new legislature at Sydney. It is a great point gained, that a special fund of 15 per cent. on the land revenue should have been appropriated by the crown for the support of those institutions; and the principle which is thus respected, in favour of the natives, to a certain extent, may be expected to be carried on at an early day, to its true limit. The money to be expended upon the Aborigines, must not be derived from a precarious source; and its supply ought to be measured only by the amount wanted to pay for *suitable* establishments, whatever they may be; and until it be resolved

to appropriate funds for them according to this principle, we must continue to hear the governor of New South Wales declare, in the words of Sir George Gipps, not long ago, that the 'atrocities by, and on the Aborigines, bring discredit on the whole colony.'*

In the new settlements without convicts, the Swan River and South Australia, the government admits the duty of caring for the natives, but does nothing worthy of the name of an effort to civilize them, although the attempts made for that end have eminently succeeded. The same disregard to their right to the soil, which has injured them in New South Wales, prevails in both these colonies; and it has been declared to a Committee of the House of Commons by a gentleman of great experience and credit, Mr. Fife Angas, that individual natives in South Australia, *to whom particular tracts of land belonged at our coming*, were deprived of them, to make room for settlers under crown grants. Yet it is an opinion adopted in Downing-street, which more than one minister has advocated, that it is the design of providence to let the whole race be extinguished, seeing that it has no capacity for the social usages, which constitute the basis of civilization, and of which usages, holding land in severalty is an important one.

So little regard has hitherto been paid by the government to the subject of the protection and improvement of the natives of Australia, that though a considerable sum of money has been of late years devoted to an establishment of *protectors*, it has remained for a member of the new popular legislature of Sydney last year to move for returns of the protective proceedings, with a view to a proper improvement of the system; and still more to the discredit of the government, a petition from a body of the convicts addressed to Lord Stanley two years ago, earnestly calls for measures to save the natives of New South Wales from horrible suffering and destruction. Next to the nullity of information laid before parliament in the last seven years, respecting the Indians of North America, and the natives of South Africa stand the shamefully meagre accounts of the aborigines of Australia.

Nevertheless, Lord John Russell, in 1840, did order, in a document that has appeared in a colonial newspaper, a yearly report to 'be made for the information of her Majesty and of parliament, stating all the transactions of the past year relating to the condition of the natives, their numbers, their residence at any particular spot, the changes in their social condition, the schools, and all other particulars, including the state and prospects of the aboriginal races.' They who are well acquainted

* Speech to the Council, 9 Sept. 1842, House of Commons papers, No. 109 1843, p. 15.

with this simple people, can bear witness to the value of such reports. Notwithstanding the ignorant and utter contempt in which they are held by some persons, it is a curious and well authenticated fact, that so far from being essentially inferior to Europeans, a numerous and respectable family in France sprang from an Australian stock; and from our own books published upon the Aboriginal Australians during sixty years, there might be gleaned a volume of anecdotes, showing they have all our passions, good as well as bad, and are not deficient in any of our aspirations.

Thirdly, In South Africa, two facts triumphantly vindicate humane policy towards the natives; whilst a melancholy series of massacres, of which the whites as well as the natives have been victims *in the last seven years*, and of which the public knows almost nothing, strongly expose the unwise proceedings of the government in that important part of the world.

In the first place, to our credit, it is to be stated, that the Hottentots are become a civilized people from being so utterly devoid of all the marks of civilization, that they were for centuries adduced as examples of utter and hopeless barbarism. At present, however, they hold in the Cape colony respectable stations in society, many of them being orderly peasants and industrious small landowners; and on the borders of that colony a considerable body of them have long maintained themselves in an honourable independence under exceedingly difficult circumstances. Consequently the Hottentots connected with the Cape colony, who were fast dwindling into a miserable remnant of a once considerable pastoral race, are now increasing in number, and fast mingling with the general colonial population. This happy change has arisen from the improvement of the laws affecting the Hottentots, from the exertions of the Missionaries in their behalf, and from their now having some share of the crown lands of the colony. More remains to be done to complete this good work; but it is difficult to contemplate the present condition of such a people, contrasted with what it was forty years ago, without being amazed at the hesitation of the government to use their example as a model for our proceedings wherever the same circumstances exist. The success is mainly attributable to the energies of a civilised colony being brought *innocently* to bear upon the capacities of a rude people, with a considerable amount of checks imposed upon colonial vices, and a considerable degree of encouragement afforded to foster the good qualities of the natives.

The second fact in South Africa, which recommends humane policy, is the generally tranquil state of the relations of the Cape colony with the Caffres on the Albany frontier. What has been well done there since 1836, has been thwarted by gross neglects; but independently of the evil results of those gross neglects, that fron-

tier presents the exceedingly satisfactory picture of a barbarous people gradually adopting civilized usages. In disputes with us, the very same individuals now appeal to our courts of law, who, within these ten years, used to seek fearful revenge, instead of justice, for violences suffered from us; and although the colonists have much to complain of in the neglect of important details, which would be corrected if well known at home, the general condition of this frontier is certainly satisfactory.*

It is inconceivable, that for seven years, parliament should have been kept entirely in the dark on the whole subject of the Caffres and Hottentots, although a revolution in policy has been introduced within that period into the administration of Cape affairs, and the progress of these tribes is in a high degree interesting. The consequence is, a profound degree of ignorance respecting those affairs, in which the government so amply shares, so as to have rejected a good plan for the settlement of New Zealand difficulties *on the extraordinary ground, that no example exists of a barbarous people being safe with British colonists through any measure whatever.* 'NO METHOD HAS YET BEEN FOUND,' said the land and emigration commissioners to lord Stanley, on the 30th of April, 1842, 'WHICH HAS PROVED SUCCESSFUL FOR THE CIVILIZATION OF SAVAGES, BROUGHT INTO CONTACT WITH EUROPEANS.' Therefore Lord Stanley rejected the plan of the Rev. Montagu Hawtrey, although it must have prevented the evils which now distract New Zealand.

Knowledge of the affairs of the Hottentots alone would have prevented these errors.

The dark side of the picture in South Africa, concerns the colonization of Natal, and the settlement of the interior, including the country thronged with the remnants of a hundred ruined tribes, from Latakoo to the Natal mountains.

In this region, upwards of 10,000 Cape colonists have been wandering about for the last seven years, determined to obtain new settlements at all hazards, but far from being insuperably indisposed to submit to proper guidance in obtaining them. The government has looked on at this dangerous movement with absolute apathy; and it is only in the year 1843, after an emigration which inflicted unspeakable calamity upon the natives of Africa, at the price of frightful suffering on the part of the emigrants, who were British subjects, that the Natal colony is at length founded.

For several years, the emigrants made war and peace under

* Whilst these pages are passing through the press, accounts have arrived of the Government having consented to revive, what in effect is the old system of *commandos* on the Caffre frontier. If the report be false, it affords a fresh proof of the evil of not publishing periodically, authentic details, of the real facts. If it be true, we shall soon hear enough of the results.

an independent flag; and exercised all the powers of an independent people. They destroyed African chiefs allied to us, and they lost many hundreds of their own best men, their women and children, under the most disastrous circumstances. They were treated by our government as if they were absolutely free agents; and at length fought pitched battles with the Queen's troops. And all this only because the government did not understand their case, and refused to learn the facts of it. The colonial office was so ill informed in all this matter, as to expect the quiet return of the 10,000 emigrants into the Cape colony.

This colony is founded, too, in the very country which for twenty years, other British subjects have inhabited; and the colonial authorities have supported them in earnestly calling upon the government at home to adopt it as a British possession. During the last fifteen years also, the adoption of that country has been proposed under circumstances the most promising for the native tribes, but in vain; and there is hitherto no sign that the colonization of Natal will be pursued upon a system calculated to benefit them, or to prevent the speedy recurrence of past calamities.

A fourth example is offered in the case of New Zealand, where the government might reasonably have been expected to abandon its old errors as to the treatment of the aborigines. It was mainly in order to gratify the philanthropists in a sincere, but mistaken wish to benefit the natives in another way, that the colonization of these islands was refused in 1838 to the powerful body which ultimately, aided by other circumstances, compelled the adoption of that measure; and when at last it was determined upon, two principles seemed fixed beyond all controversy; namely, first, that the consent of the natives should be sacredly respected as a condition precedent to settlement; and second, that a system of justice, and a regular course of measures to promote the civilization of the natives, should accompany settlement, so as to prevent that consent leading to their ruin.

Neither of these principles has been respected. On the contrary, in regard to the first, government, after beginning with a formal recognition of the independent rights of the New Zealanders, and with a partial treaty, ended by a seizure of their whole country, on *the ground that there was not time to make treaties for it*. And in regard to the second, so far from justice or civilization being provided for, the government left—the very first thing demanding attention in a new country—the *land-titles*, insufficiently provided for.

The utter contempt too, with which the public hope of an improved system of dealing with the New Zealanders, has been disappointed, is shewn by a most remarkable circumstance, de-

clared in a parliamentary document. This is the fact of money belonging to the New Zealanders, and in the hands of the government for the express purpose of meeting the expense of establishments necessary for their protection and improvement, being '*borrowed*,' as it is called, from that fund, by the government itself, to pay the current colonial charges. This fact is so extraordinary, that the clearest proof ought to be adduced to support the statement of it. The New Zealand correspondence (House of Commons' papers, 1843, No. 134, p. 25.), supplies such proof, in Governor Hobson's accounts. The fund for the Aborigines, is there set at £5,116, or 15 per Cent. upon the proceeds of the actual land sales. The amount actually expended for the Aborigines, is set at £1,120, the *balance* £3,996, being '*borrowed*,' says the governor, to meet the general liabilities of the colony. The estimate for the next year, increases the sum to be expended upon the Aborigines department, to £2480, (p. 29.), leaving still a considerable sum *borrowed* by the British government, from the natives of New Zealand, or by the guardian from its wards. On this head, the estimates, also, of the next year have a reprehensible omission. The probable proceeds of the sale of 'Crown-lands,' are set at £50,000. (p. 38, *ib.*), but not one word is said of the 15 per Cent. upon this sum of £7,500., that *belongs to the Aborigines*. In the preceding year, the 15 per Cent. was duly credited to them; and the transaction boldly proclaimed as a loan—in other words, as a flagrant breach of trust. This year, the aborigines fund is silently suppressed in the accounts; in other words, the wards are silently plundered by their guardians. Last year the money was *borrowed*; this year, by the natural progress of unrebuked abuse,—it is taken.

In this way, the natives are deprived of institutions, indispensable for their safety and comfort, those institutions being literally starved for want of adequate incomes. Hence, in order to raise money for the proper religious and educational establishments, the bishop of the Church of England in New Zealand, Selwyn, a man of admirable qualities, is driven to appeal to the resident clergy, and to the congregations, for money for them; and the want of money deprives the natives of medical aid, of which all parties agree in declaring that they have the extremest need. That in such a case, the British government should *borrow* money from the New Zealanders' treasury, of which it is the holder, is one of those monstrous perversions of right, which too often disgrace our administration, when the interests of the Aborigines are concerned.

The consequences of our abuse of power, and our neglect of opportunities to use it well, are beginning to show themselves. What was predicted over and over again, by individuals upon whom no imputation could be cast—by Bishop Selwyn, by Dr.

Dieffenbach, an intelligent German in the service of the New Zealand Company, and by other impartial persons, has happened. Blood has been shed in one of the Company's settlements, solely in consequence of the government having neglected its duty as to the land.

This case has attracted more attention, than occurrences of a similar character in districts of New Zealand, not connected with the Company. But the other cases have had more sanguinary consequences: and on one occasion, the fury of the combatants was such, that Bishop Selwyn, who interposed at great hazard to reconcile them, was utterly disregarded—contrary to the usual reception given to the missionaries. This conflict arose from our governor's improper management of the native lands.

The humiliating confession remains to be made. In New Zealand, the old system condemned by the Aborigines Committee of the House of Commons, in 1835, and solemnly promised to be abandoned, has resumed its influence. The New Zealand Company, deprived of the means it had proposed to devote to the good of the natives, was too readily content with its victory over the government in compelling the foundation of the colony; and making up the quarrel with the colonial office, that company has acquiesced in the neglect of its duty, by the government. The company's seventh report (30th May, 1843), *omits* altogether the topic of the delay in settling the land claims which was so soon to expose it to the heavy blow sustained in the violent deaths of Captain Wakefield and his colleagues; and in the unwise spirit of flattery of the government in which that report is drawn up, the directors are betrayed into a most unfortunate disregard of facts.

'The Nelson settlement,' says the report, has received the honour of a visit from the bishop of New Zealand, who has expressed himself in terms of *high gratification with all that he had seen at this infant settlement*. [Seventh report of the directors of the Zealand Company, 1843.—p. 8.]

This was the settlement, in a remote district of which the calamity of June occurred; and we regret to say, that Bishop Selwyn's own account of what he witnessed at Nelson is, as directly contrary as possible, to the words of this report.

The bishop's observations are confirmed by a dispatch of the Acting-governor of New Zealand, dated in September, 1842, in which that functionary speaks of 'the unhappy disputes which exist between the natives and the settlers of the southern district.' The company's agent had also before most urgently pressed for a settlement of the great difficulties arising upon this head.

But at home, these concurrent calls were received almost with indifference, not only in Downing-street, but also in the New Zealand House, to the extreme dissatisfaction of all who under-

stood the alarming position of affairs indicated by these accounts.

The New Zealand Company is entitled to great credit for the good it has done ; but if it do not manfully retrace its steps, and give up its unnatural alliance with the corruptions of the colonial office, all its disappointments will be richly deserved. The only atonement the Company can offer to its own people and to the public for an inconsiderate acquiescence in proceedings so fatal to New Zealand as those of the colonial office are, is to insist upon the whole land case, and the whole case of the Aborigines (*now before parliament*;) being thoroughly investigated. Colonization is stopped. The existing settlements are in confusion. The natives are obviously on the eve of exterminating wars with us. Nevertheless, the public and parliament hear nothing yet of any measures being meditated in any quarter at all approaching in extent those which were formally proposed in the bill of the New Zealand Association, defeated by the colonial office in 1838, which aimed distinctly, for the first time in our colonial history, at the establishment of a system by act of parliament, to protect and improve Aborigines.

Fifthly. British North America, and the Oregon country, offer examples as to which it is to be doubted, whether our want of foresight as statesmen, or our cruelty as men, constitutes the stronger ground of reproach to us. Different degrees of suffering have been experienced in different portions of those regions. In Newfoundland we have destroyed all the natives. In the other colonies we have done little to improve them ; and not long ago, a plan was adopted by the government of Upper Canada, and encouraged at home, for their expulsion in the manner effected in the United States—a scheme happily exposed with vigour, and it was succeeded by the beginning of a better system. In the countries within the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company, the general character of our intercourse with the natives in times past, may be inferred from the inquiries before parliament early in the last century, and in 1835-6-7. Of late years, credit has been given to the Company for having improved its system ; but unless its assailants bear false testimony, much remains still to be done, before the Indians of the north can be expected to escape the fate that has hitherto too extensively afflicted their race.

Oregon at this moment, of all North America, excites the greatest interest. It is a region six or seven hundred miles square, containing space for twenty millions of souls ; with a good soil, and fine climate—excellently situated in reference to the South Seas, the Asiatic Archipelago, and China.

The population of Oregon is about 100,000 Indians, 2000

American squatters, and perhaps 1000 Hudson's-Bay Company traders and their servants, from the Sandwich Islands and from every other corner of the earth.

From before the old American war, enterprising men have repeatedly urged the government to adopt that country as British; and its exclusive colonization would have been easy and profitable. It is now a subject of strenuous rivalry between us and the United States.

By the neglect of our government, and through the preference of trading monopolies over a humane system of colonization, we are likely to lose a fine field of emigration, and to be beaten by the Americans upon what ought to have been our own territory.

On one head, the negotiations now pending in Washington respecting the conflicting claims of the Americans and ourselves to the sovereignty of Oregon, might be most honourable to both governments. The amplest provision should be made *now* for the protection and civilization of the Indians of the country. Some good and *successful* efforts are making on their behalf already; but, in other respects, they are in a fearful position. The accounts of their treatment, revealed by the Rev. H. Beaver, not long ago, justify all our apprehensions for their fate; but in the present dispute, the two governments should be disposed to recommend their respective titles to the world, by being ready to do good to that wretched race. Authentic statements of what is done for them on a small scale, prove that more would be eminently useful; and the philanthropist could not be more wisely employed at this moment than in pressing their claims; while the more successful proceedings of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in Canada offer a still better guide for their protection.

In describing, however, the present state of Oregon, Mr. Farnham, a respectable American traveller, gives favourable accounts of the American missionaries, and of the results of their labours in that country. But another American writer declares of this whole land, notwithstanding these comparatively small efforts to do good there, that the state of violence and disorder in it is beyond all example.

The true principle upon which the difficulties of the Oregon country ought to be settled, was suggested by an American writer, the Rev. Samuel Parker, some years ago. 'The sovereignty,' says he, 'has been agitated in the Parliament of Great Britain, and in the Congress of the United States. But the natives claim it as theirs, and say, they only permit white men to reside among them.' (Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains, 1838, p. 26.)

This writer frankly admits the good done by some of the white residents at Oregon, and he is not blind to the vices of the native character. But he closes his valuable journal, by a warm appeal in favour of the Indians, which confirms our long experience of their capacity ; and which in the present crisis of British and American interests in the North West, should rouse the philanthropists and statesmen of both nations, to make a great effort for their protection and improvement. When we find, as we do in the parliamentary paper already cited, that the probable success of 'a Liberator of the Indian race,' has lately threatened the entire ruin of the Hudson's Bay Company's trade, by a rising, (House of Commons Papers, 1842, No. 547, p. 26), we are anxious to know more of this Company's proceedings towards the natives ; and we trust that the correspondence with the Foreign Office, on this remarkable case, '*not appended to those papers,*' will be produced. When we hear of 'a LIBERATOR,' of any race, we at once suspect that something wrong excites discontent ; and, above all, when we have such testimony in favour of the Indian race, all doubt vanishes about their destiny, provided our philanthropists will be wise and stirring, and our statesmen can be made to think on the subject.

Here, then, is room for enlightened negotiation, and humane international policy. Trials prove what may be made of the wildest Indian, as of the most debased Hottentot, and the cannibal New Zealander. It remains to be seen whether the two great *British* governments, in whose hands the fate of the Indian is placed, have virtue or wisdom to save him.

The case of Tahiti, and the other South Sea islands connected with us, is very peculiar ; and perhaps even more disastrous and menacing than that of any other semi-barbarous countries, under our influence. Without entering into the exceedingly interesting details which exhibit British enterprise and science from the time of Cook and Banks ; and British philanthropy, from the voyage of the Duff, and the visits of Omai and Lee Boo to England, in the most honourable light, it is enough to say in general terms, that with an immense superiority in almost all respects, and in almost every group of the South Seas, our government has been permitted to let that superiority be apparently lost ; so that our rivals have taken advantage of our success to the extreme hazard to the native people, as well as to our disgrace.

How it has happened, that, instead of being leaders in every humane proceeding, we are actually, as a state, behind our neighbours,—now struggling for possession of Oregon, again driven from Tahiti and the Sandwich Islands, and only holding the sovereignty of New Zealand through the energy of a private

company, and of Natal, after letting torrents of blood be shed on account of our apathy, is well worth the trouble to ascertain.

Two causes seem to have led to this unfortunate state of things. The first is, that our statesmen have not for many years attended to colonial affairs; whence, as was shown in a former article on Franklin's works, (July, 1843, p. 29), those affairs have been exposed to the influence of false principles.

But secondly, and independently of that great error of administration; it is an opinion shared by many eminent persons, of whom Sir R. Peel, as has been seen, confessed he is one, that some mysterious causes, amounting altogether to an overwhelming necessity, prevent the more civilized nations extending their influence without fatal disturbance to the less civilized races. This opinion is not new; nor is it confined to particular parties of men. It has long formed the foundation of the statesman's apology for neglecting means that would bring those nations and races into peaceful and mutually advantageous communication. It has also led the philanthropist to seek other means, such as exclusive missionary efforts, or such as combinations of well disposed individuals, independently of religious missions, to prepare the way for a safer intercourse than now takes place between the Aborigines of colonies and colonists, instead of calling upon government to reform its laws, and increase its civilizing and protecting establishments, which would present the vast machine of society at large to the savage, for his instruction and useful employment.

This opinion is submitted to be profoundly erroneous; and it is traceable to a simple neglect of the facts of the whole question. Grave historians of very different schools have long shared that neglect. Sismondi, and others in our own time; Bossuet and Voltaire, in times past, neglect the periods in which conflicts have occurred between the more and the less civilized nations; or when mankind has been struggling with the difficulties incident to the dawn of civilization, *upon the express ground* that the history of those conflicts or periods can afford us no lessons. These eminent writers forgot that the civilized states, which they were labouring to enlighten, were in actual conflict all over the world with many barbarous people; and that nothing has long been more wanting to most enlightened nations than a knowledge of the means adapted to lessen the difficulties, and the calamities now accompanying their intercourse with such neighbours. But this great social want can only be supplied through familiarity with all the material facts of the case, of which the chiefest are, the history and condition of barbarians, and our daily dealings with them.

The Aborigines Committee of the House of Commons de-

clared a great truth, when it stated in its general report that *ignorance* on the part of our government was the source of the generally impolitic and cruel proceedings in the colonies. The great error of that committee lay in not recommending, as it was urged to do by at least one of the witnesses, that the government should at once take means itself to acquire the knowledge necessary for the correction of those proceedings, and to impart general information to parliament and to the public, so that we might really open a new career of improvement and happiness where we are now disturbers and destroyers.

It is upon this basis of *knowledge of facts* that all plans must be built for the amelioration of the condition of the aborigines of the colonies, and for rendering the progress of Great Britain by land and by sea a progress of true glory and christian benevolence.

Instead of parliament being, in 1844, utterly ignorant of the state of South Africa during the last seven years, we should continue to print year by year all the materials and details of the progress of British subjects from the Cape of Storms into the remotest interior, where far more fatal storms than those of the sea, are ever raging. And so in Canada and all other scenes of our colonization and trading, whether in the wilds of America, or in the multitudinous islands of the southern or eastern seas; or the plains of India, deeds are daily done of which a record alone would lessen the amount, and mitigate all the atrocity.

Papers enough are published, when great disasters befall us. We would produce them as part of our system, and with good analyses, so as to familiarise the public with the knowledge indispensable to prevent those disasters.

This done, our governors abroad would act under our eyes; and *our ministers at home* would be able to read the despatches to some purpose, which at present *they seldom understand when they do read them*.

In the foregoing sketch, our relations with the natives of the South Seas, and of India and China, are included in those with the American, the African, and the Australian. In two points of view, all these tribes, infinitely varying as they do from the destitute and idle New Hollander, or Terra Fuegian, to the refined and industrious Chinese and Hindoo, stand on the very same ground. First, *We are steadily pressing upon them all; and, secondly, we are not agreed among ourselves as to the fittest means to prevent our progress being injurious to them*; whilst every civilized nation pursues more or less eagerly the same course in regard to its immediate uncivilized neighbours. Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than this state of the subject; which is

connected with so many vital interests, and in some respects, as in the case of the Sandwich Islands and Tahiti, is brought to that point of urgent necessity for settlement, that procrastination will now be a crime.

In regard to what concerns our own administration of these affairs, the first thing to be done is to take them out of the obscurity in which they are now hidden.*

Concurrently with the regular publicity of events, a series of specific measures should be immediately instituted in each colony, according to its peculiar character and wants. These measures should apply to every subject affecting the welfare of the colonists and their neighbours. Titles to lands should be settled at any cost. Sufficient protectors and medical attendants should be appointed at any expence. An act of parliament

* An important means of familiarizing the public with correct and full views of the human race, is the plan of a *museum of man*, of which an exceedingly interesting portion has recently been exhibited in London. Great credit is due to the projector of this institution, Captain Shippard of Kensington, for his developement of his 'object in four magnificent, illuminated paintings from Arabian history; and in gigantic maps. Both teach great lessons of humanity by bringing the remote world and its people home to us. On the latter head, more especially, we cannot forbear quoting two passages, which well support such designs. The first is by a Greek professor, in Gaul, in the time of the Emperor Constans, A.D. 350, who suggested the idea of such a map, as Captain Shippard contemplates:—

'Let the students,' says he, 'see upon the walls of their college the whole earth, and every sea; all the conquests of their sovereigns, the cities, tribes, and nations. The eye being on these things is infinitely a quicker teacher than the ear. There should be visible on those maps the situation, the extent, the distances of every place; the sources and currents of the rivers; the lines of the coasts; the bays and indentations of the surrounding ocean. Thus the exploits of our emperors can be represented in the liveliest manner as the weary messengers bring their daily news from the scenes of their glory. The waters of Persia, the burning plains of Libya, the many branches of the Rhine and Nile, the peaceful Egyptians, and the wild Moors; the forests of Britain, the marshes of Batavia—every nation with its peculiar manners and arms—all will be made familiar to our youth, and the world be the more delighted in by being brought familiarly home to our minds.'

The second is a similar suggestion by the lamented Professor of History at Oxford.

'A real knowledge of geography,' says Dr. Arnold, 'embraces at once a knowledge of the earth, and of the dwellings of man on it. It stretches one hand to history, and the other to geology and physiology. . . I find it extremely difficult,' he continues, 'to remember the position of towns, when I have no other association unto them, than their situation relatively to each other. But let us once understand the real geography of a country, its organic structure, the form of its skeletons, that is, of its hills, the magnitude and course of its veins and arteries, that is, of its streams and rivers, let me conceive of it as of a whole made up of connected parts; and then the position of man's dwellings, viewed in reference to those parts, becomes at once easily remembered, and vividly intelligible besides.'—(Professor Arnold's Lectures at Oxford, pp. 160, 161.)

should be passed to secure the execution of these things, and to provide for every other point essential to success.*

This would be *a system*; and if we were writing a book instead of an article in a review, we could fill up this outline without difficulty.

Differences of opinion prevail on some of its special points; but upon that of regular and early publicity, *as the great foundation of all*, we insist, without the slightest hesitation, inasmuch as no objection has ever been offered to it. Eminent men of all parties have concurred in recommending Lord Stanley to take steps to have an analysis of the materials which concern all our relations with barbarians, arranged under the authority of the crown; and to the single point of a regular publication of such materials, we earnestly call the attention of every one who wishes to see those relations stand on a safe and satisfactory basis, and to establish a *system*, without which our intercourse with barbarous people must continue to produce unceasing misery where we might secure general happiness.

Brief Notices.

A Selection from the Speeches and Writings of the late Lord King. With a Short Introductory Memoir. By Earl Fortescue. Svo. London: Longman.

This volume will be welcomed by a numerous class of intelligent readers. Lord King was far before his generation. His views were more enlarged and liberal, his convictions deeper, and his pursuit of what he deemed right more single-minded and earnest than was usual

* One topic of extreme importance, noticed in our catalogue of publications, namely, *Medical Aid to Aborigines*, does seem most urgently to demand instant attention. If all other causes of their ruin be removed, and this alone be left, whole races must be extinguished under our hands. The following extract from a New Zealand newspaper, of the latest date, shews, if true, how little this topic is appreciated by the best of men. For that reason, we give the paper as we find it published under the eyes of Bishop Selwyn in that colony, in order that the heavy charge contained in it may have the consideration of that estimable person's powerful friends at home:—

'Some of the inhabitants of Auckland,' says the Southern Cross of the 20th January, 1844, 'endeavoured a short time ago to establish a dispensary to afford medicine, and medical attendance to the poor of both races in this place, but the government and the bishop, a native-guardian, threw cold water upon the benevolent undertaking, and it fell to the ground.'

The fullest explanation is unquestionably wanted in this matter.

with his compeers. The hereditary notions of his class were to a great extent discarded, and he became in fact, if not in profession, the harbinger of times in which the question of right takes precedence of all others, and is slowly yet certainly working itself into public confidence. 'A deeply-rooted conviction of the sinfulness as well as the folly of intolerance, religious and civil,' was one of his most prominent characteristics, and exposed him to the fiercest attacks of a bigoted priesthood and a despotic oligarchy. Unmoved by their hostility, he steadily persevered in his honourable course, the consistent advocate of 'those great political truths which, when advanced by him nearly thirty years ago, were ridiculed as visionary, or denounced as dangerous, not only by overwhelming majorities of both branches of the legislature, but by the great bulk of all the higher classes throughout the country.'

The present volume consists of a republication of some of his speeches and writings, with the addition of a few other papers drawn up at different times for his own information or amusement. They relate, with few exceptions, to topics of permanent interest, while they throw considerable light on the views which were prevalent and the policy which was adopted in the early portion of the present century. It is well for the men of our day who are seeking the practical realization of the views broached by the more eminent of their predecessors, to render themselves intimately conversant with their writings. The speculative and the practical will thus be best conjoined,—the men of action will derive from the thoughts of abstract resources an element of consistency and force, which will increase a hundred fold their probability of success. Earl Fortescue's brief memoir is executed in a manner which induces deep regret at its not having been greatly extended. Such a character and career as Lord King's deserved to be more fully developed, and no one was more competent to do this than his noble relative.

The H—— Family: Trälinnan; Axel and Anna; and other Tales. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. London: Longman.

We have so lately recommended Miss Bremer's admirable tales to our readers, that we need do little more than announce these two volumes, which complete her published works. 'The H—— Family,' which occupies the first volume, is a tale of domestic life, possessing, though scarcely in an equal degree, the same graphic power and eloquence as characterize all Frederika Bremer's works. It has, however, rather too much of exaggeration; and Elizabeth the blind girl, is a character as unnatural as it is painful. The smaller pieces which fill the second volume, are pleasing and graceful, although the same fault of exaggeration rather injures their effect. They are, however, very probably, a collection from her earlier works; and had they not been written by Frederika Bremer, we should perhaps have criticized them less severely. Still we thank Mary Howitt for these volumes; 'we all,' as she truly says, 'owe gratitude to the writer;' and we fully agree with her, that the Swedish novels 'have not only strengthened many a heart in the fulfilment of daily duties, but have caused the path of household life to be strewn with the roses of love and kindness.'

An Encyclopædia of Domestic Economy ; comprising such subjects as are most immediately connected with housekeeping, as the construction of domestic edifices with the mode of warming, ventilating, and lighting them ; a description of the various articles of furniture, with the nature of their materials ; duties of servants ; a general account of the animal and vegetable substances used as food, and the methods of preserving and preparing them by cooking ; making bread ; the chemical nature and the preparation of all kinds of fermented liquors used as beverage ; materials employed in dress and the toilette ; business of the laundry ; description of the various wheel carriages ; preservation of health ; domestic medicine, &c. By Thomas Webster, F.G.S., &c., assisted by the late Mrs. Parkes. Illustrated with nearly one thousand woodcuts. London : Longman & Co.

An octavo volume of twelve hundred and sixty-four pages on the subject of domestic economy will probably startle many readers, as we honestly confess it did ourselves. Accustomed as we are to large books on almost every subject, we were not prepared for this, and consequently set about the examination of the volume with considerable doubt as to the wisdom or usefulness of such a publication. This feeling, however, gradually gave way as we proceeded in our inspection, and is now supplanted by a high estimate of Mr. Webster's labours, and a concern to secure for him the return, to which so much drudgery, skilfully directed to promote the comfort and welfare of others, is entitled. We can readily credit his statement that the compilation of the work has occupied all his leisure time for the last ten years, and are only surprised that his perseverance should have held out so long. The title page sufficiently betokens the wide range of topics included in his work, and all are treated with a fulness which leaves nothing to be desired. It has been the object of the editor to combine science with practice, a knowledge of principles with the ordinary details and daily recurring duties of domestic life. In some departments of the work he has been assisted by a lady whose qualifications are beyond dispute, and the result of their united labours is the production of a volume which exhausts the subject, and defies all competition. The work is richly illustrated with wood-cuts, adding greatly to its value. We strongly recommend every lady, and all others who are concerned in the management of domestic affairs, to make themselves familiar with Mr. Webster's volume, which must speedily be regarded as an indispensable book of reference to every housekeeper.

The Alliance of Church and State unscriptural, inexpedient, and injurious.
By the Rev. John Ely, Minister of East Parade Chapel, Leeds.
London : Jackson & Walford.

The substance of a sermon delivered in the ordinary course of ministration, and published by request, in the form of a tract. As a lucid enumeration of the arguments against the union of church and state from scriptural principle, practical working, and inherent tendency, it is well fitted for distribution amongst dissenters, (many of whom we are sorry to say have very vague ideas on the momentous character of the question,

and therefore would fain let it sleep,) and also amongst those born and brought up in the pale of the establishment. The latter will not find in its tone and temper any just cause of offence.

Monastic and Social Life in the Twelfth Century, as exemplified in the Chronicles of Jocelin of Brakelond. Translated with Notes, Introduction, &c. By T. E. Tomlins, Esq. Whittaker & Co.

This very interesting fragment of local history was published by the Camden Society about two years ago; and as some of our readers may remember, has afforded the theme for Thomas Carlyle's celebrated essay, 'Past and Present.' It was indeed to be regretted that so curious and graphic a document should be confined to its original Latin, and we therefore welcome this very excellent translation as calculated to afford to English readers a good specimen of the genuine monkish chronicle. The work is well got up; it has a very useful and well-written preface and notes; and when we add that the price is only two shillings, we are sure we have said enough to recommend 'The Popular Library of Modern Authors,' of which this work forms one of the numbers, to general patronage.

Agathonia: a Romance. London: Edward Moxon, 1844.

The scene of this love-story is laid in the eighth century at Rhodes, and Saracens, Jews and Christians are the *dramatis personæ*. At a fourth of the length, it might have served the purpose of an annual or magazine, and as a maiden effort, have done the writer credit, though we must count it a failure if it be by some practised hand. It is indebted to the unaccustomedness of the epoch for much of its air of originality. The attempt at the oriental style of narration is unsuccessful, and some of the devices adopted are puerile conceits; such, for instance, as printing in Hebrew the rejoicing exclamation of the angels. The writer has read extensively, it is evident, but instead of merely incidental allusions, the narrative and dialogue are crowded with antique references; and for the son of a Saracen Emir, even though his mother were a Christian, Velid is far too familiar with scriptural fact and phrase. Save that it is designed to convey a moral, we should think the catastrophe needlessly painful, and yet what precise lesson the author had in view we cannot divine. There is this contrast, that Telephus, the impersonation of reason in religion, dies in doubt, while his granddaughter, Agathonia, in whom faith is symbolized, suffers martyrdom unquailingly; yet, to our thinking, her last utterance breathes far more of human tenderness and human merit than of the faith of the New Testament. We hope the remark will not be held out of place: a work of pure fiction we are quite ready to try by the canons of the imagination only, but religious truths, if they are interwoven, bring it under a higher and severer jurisdiction.

Rome and the Reformation ; or a Tour in the South of France : a Letter to the Rev. Richard Burgess, honorary Secretary of the 'Foreign Aid Society.' By J. H. Merle D'Aubigne, D.D. London : Seeley, Burnside, and Seeley.

A narrative by the Historian of the Reformation of a recent journey in Dauphine and Languedoc. It is very interesting for the simplicity with which it is written, and the facts it contains. We did not previously know with what diligence and success French Protestant Evangelists were at work in the secluded districts which were the scene of such savage persecution at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and unfeignedly rejoice that God, as of old, is reserving to himself many who bow not the knee to Baal. The 'Foreign Aid Society,' if we mistake not, is episcopalian : its operations, however, as here exhibited, bear no trace of denominational distinction. We trust this letter, published in that hope, will bring it many subscribers.

Poems. By Coventry Patmore. London : Edward Moxon.

We opened this volume in expectation of smooth and elegant, but evidently manufactured lines. We found its contents of quite a different order. In spite of immaturity of taste, of mannerism, and an enfeebling diffuseness, there are unmistakable indications of power both of thought and expression. The versification here and there is rugged ; some words, in particular 'surprise,' occur as rhymes unpleasantly often ; many of the incidents narrated lie fairly open to critical banter, and in 'Sir Hubert' have been unnecessarily and disadvantageously varied from the tale of Federigo and Monna Giovanna in the Decameron. We may add, that if the reference on page 154 is to the Virgin Mary, it is worthy only of those effeminate thinkers who write themselves Anglo-Catholics, and if no more than a mystical sentimentalism, must still not pass unrebuked.

A Voice from the Vintage, or the force of example, addressed to those who think and feel. By the author of 'The Women of England.' London : Fisher.

Intemperance is so base a vice, and so fruitful a source of other vices, that they who labour for its diminution deserve the earnest support of all philanthropists. We confess that we approve so heartily the design of our excellent author, as to be extremely indisposed to question the truth of any opinions and counsels she gives on the subject. Let the women of England powerfully aid their talented countrywoman in her benevolent object.

Margaret, or the Pearl. By the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, M.A., author of 'May you like it, &c.' London : Longman & Co.

A tale intended in counteraction of those which have been so plentifully put forth by the Oxford school. This object is sought, not by argument in the form of dialogue, nor by that disparagement of manner which any

narrator may assume in token of disapproval, but by a delineation of evangelical religion, in its ennobling and purifying influences; its power to sustain under adversity, and even to gather thence an added lustre. The story is too simple to need analysis, and we shall not lessen its interest by attempting one. It is well and touchingly told: the great doctrines inculcated, are those of the gospel; there is unusually little of merely denominational reference for a clergyman of the Church of England, and the tone and spirit throughout are admirable. We could however have wished, that Mr. Taylor had not ended by making a countess of his heroine; she would have been better without the adventitious distinction. In teaching by example, probabilities rather than possibilities should be dealt with. Besides, looking at the high purpose of the narrative, anything which might be mistaken for secular reward, should have been avoided.

Walks about the City and Environs of Jerusalem. By W. H. Bartlett. 8vo. London: Virtue.

The work of Dr. Robinson has done much to render the topography of Palestine familiar to the English reader, and no biblical scholar should be content without thoroughly acquainting himself with the results of that distinguished scholar's laborious research. His volumes should be in the possession of every minister, and should receive an attentive and repeated perusal. Their value will be duly estimated by those only who make them a *study*. Much, however, was still wanting for the general reader, and we therefore welcome Mr. Bartlett's volume as an acceptable and most useful contribution to this department of biblical science. So far as Jerusalem and its environs are concerned, it supplies all that was needed, removing much obscurity, correcting many prevalent misconceptions, and giving a definite and intelligible form to the notions entertained respecting the various localities of the Holy City. The work is the result of personal inspection, and bears ample marks of the cautious and painstaking research of its author. The object proposed by Mr. Bartlett was 'to give a clear, connected, and accurate view of the city by gradually tracing its progress from the earliest period of authentic history, restoring its past appearance by a careful study of existing data, and exhibiting its present condition in a series of views, *chosen with express reference to historical illustration*, and in which the *local character* should be the only object, and where, at every step, the past and present should be compared.'

This object has been successfully accomplished, and the work before us is, in consequence, both instructive and entertaining, rich in valuable information, and capable of deeply interesting the reader. The *illustrations* are numerous, and some of them exceedingly beautiful, presenting a picture, the graphic power of which is considerable. The *getting up* of the work is elegant and tasteful, and we shall be surprised if it do not obtain, what it richly merits, a wide circulation.

Literary Intelligence.

The First Volume of the Wycliffe Society's Publication, containing Select Writings of Wycliffe, under the Editorship of the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, of the Lancashire College, is in the press, and will be ready for delivery to Subscribers in the ensuing Autumn.

Just Published.

The History of the English Revolution. By F. E. Dahlmann, late Professor of History in the University of Göttingen. Translated from the German, by H. Evans Lloyd.

A Report of the whole Proceedings of the late General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, relative to the State of Religion in the Land, with an Introductory Narrative. By the Rev. A. Moody Stuart.

The Modern Syrians, or Native Society in Damascus, Aleppo, and the Mountains of the Druses, from Notes made in those Parts during the years 1841-2-3, by an Oriental Student.

Guide to German Conversation and Letter Writing. Edited by W. Klauer-Klattowski.

Evangelical Dissenters, God's Witnesses. By the Rev. W. Leask.

The Medals of Creation, or first Lessons in Geology, and on the Study of Organic Remains. By Gideon Algernon Mantell, LL.D., F.R.S. 2 vols. 12mo.

An Essay on the Constitution of the Earth.

A Brook by the Way. An Extract from the Diary of Hannah Kilham.

Essays on Natural History, chiefly Ornithology. By Charles Waterton, Esq., author of Wanderings in South America. Second Series. With a Continuation of the Autobiography of the Author.

An Encyclopædia of Domestic Economy, comprising such subjects as are most immediately connected with Housekeeping. By Thomas Webster, F.G.S., &c., assisted by the late Mrs. Parkes. Illustrated with nearly 1,000 Woodcuts.

Memoirs of the House of Commons, from the Convention Parliament, of 1688-9, to the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. By W. C. Townsend, Esq., A.M., Recorder of Macclesfield. Vol. II.

He Pasa Ekklesia. An Original History of the Religious Denominations at present existing in the United States, containing Authentic Accounts of their Rise, Progress, Statistics, and Doctrines, &c. By I. Daniel Rupp. Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Hyponoia, or Thoughts on a Spiritual Understanding of the Apocalypse, or Book of Revelation. With some Remarks on the Parousia, or Second Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, and an Appendix upon the Man of Sin.

A Commentary on the First Chapter of Genesis. With Short Treatises on Geology and on the Deluge. By Thomas Exley, M.A.

Walks in the Country. By Lord Leigh.

Bibliotheca Sacra, and Theological Reviews. No. II. May, 1844.

Visiting Societies and Lay Readers. A Letter to the Lord Bishop of London. By Presbyter Catholicus.

Wealth, the Name, and Number of the Beast, 666, in the Book of Revelation.

A Tract for the Times; being a Plea for the Jews. By Samuel A. Bradshaw.

The Position, Prospects, and Duties of that Body of Christians, usually denominated Independents, or Congregationalists, briefly considered. By William Davis, Hastings.

A Treatise on the Science of Trade, as applied to Legislation. By Geo. Baring Kemp, Esq.